

HMMEL OIL WELL SHOWS SIGN OF LIFE

Last week, at the depth of 2100 feet, the drillers at the Himmel oil well, pierced the crust of a possibly paying oil strand. A good grade of crude oil was found in the oil bearing strata and Col. Ridenour is satisfied that a paying well will be the reward of his effort. Drilling was stopped to allow insertion of the casing, and when some arrives, this week, the flow of artesian water that has hindered progress lately will be cut off.

The new drillers, under the direction of Col. Ridenour, are fighting an up-hill battle. They are so confident of the result that they have often been without food. They are paying most of their own expenses and if oil is found in any quantities, Sikeston and vicinity will benefit.

Most of the money paid on the drilling expenses came from New Madrid county. Even though Sikeston was badly stung by the first "Big Oil Men", interest should not be allowed to drag.

FINDS \$20,000 DUE ON LIFE INSURANCE POLICY

By what may be termed an accident Mrs. Eddy Phillips of this city will be paid \$20,000 due on a life insurance policy taken out by her husband, the late Murray Phillips, who died in 1919.

Her son, Murray Phillips, who carries a policy with the International Life Insurance Co., of St. Louis, wrote the company recently concerning some matters pertaining to his policy but did not give the policy number. Last Sunday the company in reply to his letter wrote him concerning a policy taken out by Murray Phillips with an Iowa Insurance Co., which was later purchased from the Iowa Company by the International Life Insurance Co., premiums on which had not been paid since 1914 and concluded by stating that the policy was still in effect due to the term of extended insurance applicable to the policy at the time premiums ceased to be paid. Upon receipt of the letter Mr. Phillips realized that the reply was not in reference to his policy and that his father's policy was still in force. A search was then made to locate the policy, which was found in the files at the Gallivan & Finch law office. A claim for payment of the amount due on the policy is now being made, which will be paid as soon as the legal papers can be prepared.—New Madrid Record.

Paris, Mo., owns its own ice plant and sell their product at 40 cents per hundred pounds. Quite some difference between that price and the price paid in Sikeston.

In building a poultry house it is safe to allow about 4 square feet of floor space per bird. The lighter birds, such as Leghorns and Anconas, usually require less floor space than Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Wyandotes.

Among the items printed under the heading of "Forty Years Ago" in the Jackson Cash Book, appears the following: "A couple were married at the courthouse last Tuesday morning. After the ceremony was over the bride climbed into the wagon that brought her and her newly acquired to the city, pulled off her shoes and stockings, placed her feet upon the sea board and trimmed her toenails. As the wagon was standing on the public square, it is unnecessary to state that the fair young wife was the cynosure of many eyes."

After having escaped a sentence of two years in a penal institution by the kind-heartedness of the special trial judge, B. Hugh Smith, who granted him a parole, Leo Fowler stands in imminent risk of having his parole revoked because of not behaving himself. Saturday night there was a dance at Dutchtown, which was attended by a bunch of fellows from Cape Girardeau, who are charged with having been drinking and disturbing the peace. Deputy Constable Probst started to arrest one of the bunch, when others, Leo Fowler and Homer Trickey, came to the aid of their companion, took him from the officer and made their escape. Probst went to the Cape Monday and arrested Trickey and next morning got Fowler out of bed and brought them to jail here. They are to be tried before Justice Grossheider at Gordonville, but the prosecuting attorney will bring Fowler's behavior to the attention of the Circuit Court when it convenes and seek to have the parole declared forfeited.—Jackson Post.

SMOOT RENEWS APPEAL FOR A SPECIAL SESSION

Rapid City, July 21.—Senator Smoot of Utah, one of the administration leaders came to the summer White House today to renew his appeal to President Coolidge for a special session of Congress in the fall.

A recommendation made yesterday by Secretary Hoover that the federal government give immediate relief in the Mississippi flood situation makes a special session imperative in the opinion of Senator Smoot.

In order to give this relief and to get government finances on a better basis, the Utah senator believed the administration would do well to have Congress meet early and pass the deficiency appropriation bill which was lost in the Senate filibuster at the close of the last session. That bill carries a large amount of funds to meet emergency expenses of the government and these funds, he thinks, would be needed if immediate relief was to be extended to the flood area.

Senator Smoot, who is chairman of the Senate finance committee, which is preparing to take up a tax reduction bill next session, reiterated that the prospective tax slash would be held to \$300,000,000. He suggested, however, to the president that the reduction be made to apply on this year's incomes. If the cut does apply on this year's incomes, he pointed out that it would be necessary to have the tax bill enacted before March 15, when the first installment of taxes for this year fall due.

The corporation tax should receive first consideration, the Utah senator declared, and he proposed that it be cut from 13 1-2 per cent to 12 per cent which would consume \$150,000,000 of the prospective \$300,000,000 reduction.

Repeal of the remaining nuisance levy, including those of theatre admissions and club dues also is favored by Senator Smoot. He is opposed to wiping out entirely a tax on automobiles and cars which was cut from five to three per cent last session, but he would reduce this tax to at least one and a half per cent.

"While our surplus for the last

fiscal year was \$562,000,000, he said, "we must remember that many items went to make up this surplus that will not be available next year. There is a great volume of business but the profits are small and I am not going to sanction a bill which will leave us in a hole. The total cut should be held to \$300,000,000."

The Utah senator favors some reduction in the tax rate applying on incomes between \$15,000 and \$60,000 but he thinks the regular normal incomes rates are about right.

The Herald is in receipt of a letter from Felix N. LeSieur advising us he is a patient in the Missouri State Sanitarium at Mount Vernon, having contracted tuberculosis. He thinks, however, it is an arrestable case, and asks that his paper be sent him there. Felix has many friends in Hayti who hope he will have a speedy recovery.—Hayti Herald.

Hardin Montgomery, aged 78, one of the oldest printers and newspaper men in Southeast Missouri, died at a hospital in Poplar Bluff Thursday afternoon. He has been a printer since 18 years of age and has owned newspapers in Poplar Bluff, Kennett, New Madrid and other places. He was known as a "Missouri River pirate printer" in the early 80's. Montgomery and a stepson, Lawrence Byrnes, have owned a printing establishment in Poplar Bluff since 1901.

The people of Scott and the western part of New Madrid county have started a campaign to have the location of highway No. 61 changed so as to run from the end of the present concrete south of Cape Girardeau via Chaffee, Oran, Vanduser, Morehouse towards Portageville, and as a basis for this agitation they say that it would be foolish to tear up a good road, built by county bond money, through a different section and give more people the benefits of highways. There is a lot of merit to such an argument, but while it was known that the location from Cape Girardeau to Sikeston might be subject to change, yet few thought there would be a likelihood of the highway missing Sikeston.—Jackson Post.

SUIT TO CONDEMN LAND FOR CAIRO BRIDGE APPROACH

Cairo, Ill., July 22.—Suit to condemn 25 acres of land owned by Egbert A. Smith for right of way for the Illinois approach of the Cairo-Missouri highway bridge across the Mississippi River will come up for hearing in the Alexander County Court before Judge D. T. Hartwell of Marion August 2 it was announced today.

A petition asking for a hearing in vacation was presented to Judge Hartwell at Marion yesterday afternoon by attorneys for the Cairo Bridge & Terminal Co., Reed Green and David S. Lansden, and later the papers were filed in Circuit Clerk John M. Dewey's office.

Today Dewey was preparing a list of 64 freeholders or disinterested persons who will be summoned for jury duty and from whom the required 12 jurors to try the case will be selected.

The law provides that when a jury fixes the value of the land and damages due to the owner, that the company seeking its condemnation can go on but the company cannot be delayed in its work of construction.

The condemnation suit was brought when Smith refused to sell the 25 acres of land for less than \$150,000. A crew of 50 men already is engaged in preliminary work on the bridge.

Twenty barges to be used in sinking the piers are under construction. A material depot has been established at Birds Point, near the Missouri end of the bridge. The main construction work will start as soon as the condemnation suit is tried.

We have been wondering whether or not we have a single "leading citizen" among the readers out of the 687 who take The Standard in Sikeston. Such things sometimes cause people to lie awake at night and ponder. However, The Standard editor has found the nights too good to sleep to even worry over the subject.

IT OCCURRED TO ME

How many gas stations do you suppose there are along Highway 61 between Sikeston and St. Louis.

If the grass is trimmed along the edges of the walks you would be surprised how it helps appearances.

At the dance Monday night, July 18th, at the fair grounds, two people rode a horse. They were not members of the Club.

A good gag in a recent magazine. "The last word in automobiles, 'I'll walk'."

Breakfast is not one bit better when you discover that your neighbor's dog has chewed up the morning paper.

If you want an easy job, try counting the passengers on the east bound Missouri Pacific any morning.

What good is that trash can near the truck stand on Front street.

Think of what we miss because the bus people do not name their busses like the Pullman Company does.

Ever notice that black and white striped band on the left sleeve of the London Bobbie? That is the duty badge and is worn only when the cop is on post. Do you know where the name "Bobbie" originated? "Ask me another".

What superior knowledge and ideas the publicity men put into the heads of the movie stars. Ever read any of their views on just any subjects? After all, I suppose there is lots of room in some cases for ideas to be put into their heads. Right you are. I read 'em.

How long will a flivver run and retain its identity?

This is the open season for the collection of Pullman towels.

Ever notice how much dust is allowed to collect around a safe. Cobwebs too, seem to thrive in such a place. Wonder why safes are not dusted when the shelves and counters are cleaned. Ask the man who owns one.

Does your neighbor mow his yard over a little into your's or does he go just to the line? Which do you do?

Hang up the ice card and tell the man to leave another book.

The height of folly: Sweep out the

coal bind just before a load is shoveled in.

Well, I just had eight tons delivered.

SIKESTON WINS GOLF TOURNEY, SUNDAY

Sikeston won the golf tournament held on the Sikeston course, Sunday afternoon from Charleston, with a score of 148 to 82.

Howard Morrison, one of the best amateur golfers in Southeast Missouri, was the low score man for the day, he made the 18 holes in 75 strokes. Coleman and Kirk made the next lowest score or a 76 for the 18 holes, Scott made it in 78.

In the match play, every hole won counted a point. The score for each match was:

Blanton 90 to Coon 96; Coleman 76 to Heams 82; McClure 87 to Crowe 101; Stallcup 85 to Byrd 87; Byron Bowman 84 to Teal 84; Arthur 85 to Brewer 86; Limbaugh 86 to Heams 91; Jack Bowman 84 to Noland 84; Green 85 to Lovelace 95; Morrison 75 to Jenkins 85; Phillips 86 to Stewart 103; Ned Matthews 102 to G. Noland 99; Lee Bowman 85 to Whitt 104; Taylor 89 to Jordan 97; Buddy Matthews 91 to Wise 96; Conran 83 to McDowell 90; Scott 78 to Kirk 76.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

The regular August examination for teachers will be held in the public school building at Benton on Friday and Saturday, August 5 and 6.

J. H. Goodin, County School Supt.

J. N. Sheppard and little grandson, Ray Allen Moll, were Charleston visitors, Monday.

J. L. Arnold, a former citizen and merchant of this city, will return to Lilbourn to make his home and will again resume the mercantile business in his store building now being vacated by the Keith and Stephens store. Mr. Arnold moved to Sikeston several years ago, where he has been engaged in the mercantile business, but prefers to return to Lilbourn, where he has always had a "good trade." New Madrid Record.

MISSOURI INDUSTRIAL REVIEW NEWS

Pineville—Roller Mills installs much modern equipment. Fair Play—Good iron ore in quantities found here.

Humansville—Cheese factory here will double its present output.

Branson—New 5-ton Caterpillar tractor and Adams grader purchased for use on roads in this section.

Kahoko—Three carloads of livestock shipped from here recently.

Norborne—Highway No. 10 to be oiled east of city limits.

Trenton—Wool being shipped from this vicinity.

Trenton—Shanklin Building on Main street being repainted.

Edina—Eight cars of livestock shipped from Edina recently.

Licking—Work started on construction of highway 32 from Licking to Salem.

Aberdeen—Road from Aberdeen to Edgewood being graded and graveled.

Pierce City—Lark Park being improved.

Kennett—Construction to commence soon on new Palace Theater here.

Jefferson City—New airfield to be established in this city.

Cassville—Highway 44 to be graveled between Cassville and Wheaton.

Butler—New Arnold Bottling Wks. established on Dakota Street.

Mexico—Contract let for construction of state highway 22 from Mexico to Laddonia.

Mansfield—Frisco railroad to erect new railroad station here.

Trenton—Contract let for construction of sanitary sewer system in district No. 12 in north part of Trenton.

Carrollton—Carrollton Laundry installs new handkerchief ironer.

Marshfield—Contract let for paving Main street.

Wyandona—Several streets of town to be oiled.

Shelbyville—A. M. Priest drug store recently destroyed by fire being rebuilt.

Versailles—Scotia Telephone Company to place all overhead wires underground.

Powersville—Municipal power plant sold to private corporation.

Weston—Wheat being harvested in this section.

Weosho—Louis Maull canning plant opens for season here.

Sarcozie—New road to be constructed from Sarcozie to Pierce City.

Bethany—Chamber of Commerce making survey of this town.

Jefferson City—Gas Service Company to handle gas business in this city.

Union—Streets of town to be oiled.

Farmington—Bids requested for construction of new theatre here.

Hannibal—La Grange College may be moved to this city.

Palmyra—Wheat harvest under way in Marion county.

Kennett—Pet Milk Company may establish condenser in this town.

Fayette—Cornerstone laid for men's new dormitory building on Central College campus here.

Bonne Terre—Plant of Purity Dairy in Bonne Terre opened here recently.

Cassville—Improvements and extension to be made to waterworks system.

New Cambria—Work progressing on construction of new schoolhouse.

Salisbury—Plans under way for construction of road from Salisbury to New Cambria.

West Plains—West Plains Condensery of Ozark Dairy Products Company completes installation of modern powdered milk unit.

De Soto—First Baptist Church to erect new Sunday school building on 4th Street.

St. Francisville—New bridge to be built across Des Moines River at St. Francisville.

Iron Mountain—Bids requested for construction of new schoolhouse in Iron Mountain.

Cape Girardeau—Bank of Southeast Missouri of Cape Girardeau granted charter.

Kennett—New public library contemplated for construction in this town.

Lee's Summit—Contract let for remodeling Missouri Public Service Company's office here.

Carthage—Ash & McCormick building being remodeled and improved at cost of \$8000.

Mrs. Beryl Wells Boardman of Carthage, who was called to this city on account of the death of Rev. Thomas Boardman, was the guest of Mrs. Emma Boardman and other relatives and friends, returned to her home last Sunday.

FOR RENT—5-room house. Phone 35.

—Mrs. John E. Marshall. tf.

**THURSDAY MORNING
WILL LAUNCH THE
GREATEST**

**Society Brand
Clothing Sale**

**THIS STORE HAS
EVER HELD**

**SEE OUR WINDOWS, CIRCULARS
AND ADVERTISEMENT IN
THURSDAY'S PAPER**

**THE BUCKNER
RAGSDALE CO**

SKESTON STANDARD

C. L. BLANTON, EDITOR

ISSUED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
AT SKESTON, MISSOURIEntered at the Postoffice at Skeston,
Scott County, Missouri, as second-
class mail matter, according to act
of Congress.Rates:
Display advertising, per single col-
umn inch, net.....25c
Reading notices, per line.....10c
Bank statements.....\$10.00
Probate notices, minimum.....\$ 5.00
Yearly subscription in Scott and the
adjoining counties.....\$ 1.50
Yearly subscription elsewhere in the
United States.....\$ 2.00

The Standard wonders just who are the "many leading citizens" who always come to the rescue of the Weak Sister with commendations. In the past the Weak Sister has floated along the way the wind blows the straws, but now "many leading citizens" seem to guide his pencil. It has been the policy of The Standard to express the editor's opinion in the editorial columns about the things that cross our vision whether it pleased the "Leading Citizens" or the Leading Bootleggers. They all look alike when it comes to public criticism. Our story as originally printed was the truth and stands unswayed.

There are just a number of things the editor of The Standard and the editor of The Herald agree on, or we think so. That there was entirely too much rain in the early spring; that the past few nights have been mighty good for sleeping; that each of us could handle more business if it would come our way; that our creditors have kept off us thus far; that it takes a heap of food to feed a big family; that we do not believe everything we hear; that there are some good traits in most everyone, if you could only find them; that the sewer proposition was badly beaten, and perhaps other things too numerous to mention.

It was thoughtful of the Missouri Utilities Company to put a drop into the home of a man on Lake Street who was ill with typhoid fever. Not only did they put in the light, but they furnished an electric fan and furnished the current all for suffering humanity. Next time you blow up over some imaginary something about this corporation, remember the kindly things they do when it is most needed.

"Editors needed who will tell the truth", is the message given to editors at the North Carolina Press Association in session at Morehead City, by Julian Harris, editor of the Columbus, Ga., Enquirer. The Standard editor has been following the above advice every since he became associated with the paper. It may not always be politic to tell the truth, but we have always aimed to tell it just the same.

The Standard issued 16 pages the past week containing 112 columns of advertising and reading matter or a total of 2240 inches of which 918 inches were paid advertising. Our competitor carried 8 pages of 48 columns, or 960 inches, of which 446 inches were paid advertising. The Standard likewise had 260 inches of boiler plate to their none!

Skeston is a splendid location for a real eye specialist. One who is a graduate of a medical college, and not a spectacle fitter. It is now necessary to go to either Cape Girardeau or Cairo or Poplar Bluff for attention of this sort. A young man of good appearance and good standing would do well here. A crap shooter and a booze fighter would not.

We are undecided at this time to say whether or not the Black Bottom dancer had on too many clothes or too few. It depends a good deal on whether you were looking for nakedness or art. Our wife being with us, we cannot safely say!

Some folks are curious in many ways. It is hard to get any married woman in Skeston to acknowledge that she was present Friday evening to see the Black Bottom. Most all of the men were willing to see more of it!

As proof that hard times are actually upon some communities we are told that more married men are now sleeping at home than for years!

The man who will not stand for his own when given a dirty deal, is not worth the powder that would blow him to hades.

Well, well, well. The Indians have given a name to President Coolidge that in English means "Leading Eagle". He doubtless looked so fierce to them with his big hat and sheepskin breeches that they hooked the name to him. Wonder what the eagles think about it!

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE

Washington, D. C., July 16.—President Coolidge's "fishing expedition" to the Black Hills has failed in its obvious purpose, which was to allay the resentment of the agricultural west toward the President and his administration for their opposition to equal opportunity for agriculture. It is a matter of comment that with the exception of members of Congress from South Dakota, not a single visitor to the President's lodge in the Black Hills has been from the ranks of the leaders of agriculture. Members of Congress from South Dakota who have visited the President did so, of course, out of courtesy, being somewhat in the position of hosts.

Meanwhile, the Northwest Farm Conference, held at St. Paul this week, adopted resolutions changing the Republican administration with bad faith, and declaring that the fight for equality for agriculture would be carried on with renewed earnestness, and if defeated in the next Congress through another veto by Mr. Coolidge, would be made one of the paramount issues of the Presidential campaign next year.

The St. Paul conference resolutions asserted that President Coolidge's veto of the farm bill was a clear repudiation of the Republican platform pledge on which he was elected, and his veto message was a "tissue of conflicting arguments". They recited that industry, referring of course to what is generally called "big business", is enjoying prosperity due to many laws enacted giving them artificial protection, while an entirely different situation exists with reference to agriculture. As evidence of the way in which agriculture has suffered from governmental favoritism, attention is invited to the fact that farm values have declined twenty billions of dollars during the last six years, all under Republican administration. The conference called upon farm workers and their friends to support at the polls only those candidates who have shown a desire to aid the farmers in attaining their legislative objective. That of course, precludes the support by the farmers of President Coolidge and Republican administration leaders generally who opposed farm relief in any form that was acceptable to the farmer organizations.

The St. Paul conference was non-partisan. Speakers included Senators Barkley of Kentucky, and Caraway of Arkansas, Democrats, Representative Dickinson of Iowa, Republican, and many other members of Congress from the middlewest and northwest.

Washington, July 16.—President Coolidge is being widely criticized for his refusal to convene Congress in extra session to relieve the serious plight of hundreds of thousands of people in the Mississippi valley, as a result of the recent terrible flood. The more light that is thrown on the plight of people in the Mississippi valley, the more severe this criticism becomes.

This plight is pictured by J. M. Barham, a banker at Marksville, La., in an interview with a newspaper correspondent who has been touring the flood area. Mr. Barham was asked what the destitute flood victims are going to do next winter. "I don't know", he answered. "However, unless something is done, they will be face to face with starvation. Mr. Hoover has done all he could, but he is a lone eagle as far as the government at Washington is concerned. I am not talking of flood control, for I think we will have enough friends in Congress to force that even though Mr. Tilson (Republican House floor leader) after leaving Mr. Coolidge, said flood control was secondary in importance to tax reduction. I don't know whether Mr. Coolidge is interested in these flood victims or not. I don't recall reading where he has said a word about them since he went to Rapid City, although I have read about his conferences on taxes, the Philippines and Mexico. This thing is too big for any State or parish government to handle. In this parish alone, there are 25,000 people facing destitution, and that is more than half our population. Last year we made 40,000 bales of cotton. This year we will be lucky to make 5000. I have been told Red Cross funds are running low and that all relief will be shortly withdrawn from all persons who own property. If that is so, God help those unfortunate people who hold title to a wrecked farmhouse and a barren field."

THIS WEEK IN MO. HISTORY

Floyd C. Shoemaker

When the news of William Marion Reedy's death, on July 28, 1920, reached St. Louis a pall settled over that city where the great literary critic was born, reared and educated, and where his life had been spent, for in that city many loved and none hated him. There "millionaires were his friends, but he fought for the underdog; bankers were his cronies but he battled for the rights of man". Small wonder that charwoman and financier mourned his loss.

Reedy was all his life engaged in journalistic work. He came up from the ranks as a cub reporter on the old Republican in 1880 to editor of Reedy's Mirror in 1896. The Mirror was known widely for its sprightliness, its protests, and its literary merit. It was the best edited and most widely read weekly west of the Alleghenies. All the brilliant men and women of the central west sought the friendship of its editor and all the politicians feared his pen.

Reedy has been called "the king of newspaper free lances who was born a free lance, lived a free lance and died a free lance".

He possessed that greatest of all characteristics—a love for humanity. No philanthropist with his millions ever dispensed more helpfulness than this man without wealth.

Perhaps his greatest service was the encouragement and advice so freely offered to struggling writers. His eyes were burned out in reading countless manuscripts, many of them worthless, but he considered himself amply repaid in being able to help such artists as Zoe Akins, Edgar Lee Masters, Sara Teasdale, Dreiser, Bennett, Starrett, Utermeyer, Amy Lowell, Sandburg and a score of others.

Charles J. Finger, intimate friend and associate, describes Reedy as "a robust looking man, tall, square shouldered. Nature had wrought well, and a sound mind was in a big body. Sanguine he was and ardent, a tree that had grown full straight, and in which, in its days of freshness, the sap flowed vigorously. Insistent was the flesh and the blood of him that compelled him even as it compels you and me. Such a nature may be in youth what less gifted souls call imprudent, extravagant. But such natures are also loyal, and generous, and affectionate. They have a superfluity. They give of their spiritual wealth. They love."

His philosophy of life was most happy: "Live your lives to the full, for life is fleeting. Love with full hearts, for hearts must die."

His sane, sweet attitude toward death he expressed in these words: "By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death. I'll never bear a base mind; an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next."

There has never been but one Bill Reedy; there will never be another Bill Reedy. "Great minds around, great souls are rare". He stands among Missouri's literary immortals.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Joseph Bush to Grace Parker, land 6-26-15, \$1.

Central States Life Insurance Co. to W. I. Watson, 200 acres, 13-27-15, \$1.

Jacob Diebold to Andrew Bucher, land 2-28-13, \$500.

W. H. Heisserer to First State Bank of Farnfeld, land 27-28-14, \$2,400.

W. E. West to Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 160 acres 19-28-15, \$1.

S. B. Hunter to Ralph Wammack, 893.25 acres 1-26-13, \$1.

Ralph Wammack to S. B. Hunter and Mary Moore, 893.14 acres 1-26-13, \$1.

W. H. Tanner to T. A. Slack, lot 14 block 7 Chamber of Commerce addition Skeston, \$125.

T. E. Evans to C. M. Parsons, lots 3, 4 Murphy & Wall addition, Illmo, \$1.

C. M. Parsons to E. L. Drumm, ½ interest lots 3, 4 Murphy & Wall addition Illmo, \$1.

J. H. Beisswinger to Aloys Heisserer, 40 acres 9-29-14, \$4500.

Chas. Will Sr. to Eliza Meneese, lot 5 block 3 Knob Hill addition Farnfeld, \$1.

O. H. Anderson to Walker-Whippett Incorporated, lot 133, part lot 12 block 5 Skeston, \$8000.

C. E. Clark to J. R. Franck, lots 1, 2 block 39 Chaffee, \$2500.

J. A. Manning and L. A. Cunningham to J. H. Boardman, ½ interest lot 5 block 15 North Illmo addition Farnfeld, \$500.

Bert McAdams to S. F. Maxwell, lot 15 block 43 Chaffee, \$2600.

R. G. Applegate to S. G. Smith, 20.827 acres 32-26-14, \$1.

Ora McCrites to Martha Arnold, lot 3 Sillman & Co. addition Commerce, \$375.

G. C. Bean, Frank Bean, Gertrude Bean and Flora Boyd to E. H. Moore, lots 1-8 block 2 Pellett 2nd addition Illmo, \$1200.

E. L. Welter to Ella Welter, lot 4

block 10 Kelso, \$1.

Charley Bowman to Chas. O. Scott, part lots 6, 7 block 2 Greer addition Skeston, \$1.

Matt Thomas to Ben Blattle, land in Kelso, \$200.

W. D. McCrite to Frank Lowry, lot 3 Sillman & Co. addition Commerce, \$50.

Frank Lowry to Mrs. Ora McCrite, lot 3 Sillman & Co. addition Commerce, \$300.

Earl Dare to Fronia Davey, part outlook 9 Skeston, \$1625.

H. L. Smith to T. A. Slack, lots 5, 6 block 3 Parkland addition Skeston, \$350.

John and Louis Dohogne to Mrs. I. N. Bowman, lots 10, 11 block 5 Dohogne addition Farnfeld, 1, \$

Mrs. I. N. Bowman to Rebecca Lincoln, lots 10-12 block 5 Dohogne 2nd addition Farnfeld, \$1.

M. Q. Tanner to Ella Shuppert, lot 9 and part lot 10 block 3 High School addition Skeston, \$425.

M. J. Myrick to Amos Riley, lots 9, 10 block 7 McCoy-Tanner 2nd addition Skeston, \$1.

L. D. O'More to Maude Moore, lots 3, 4 block 33 McCoy-Tanner 7th addition Skeston, \$1.

George J. Arnold to Mike Bucher, land 23-29-13, \$1600.

Aulton Cravens to C. L. Gipson, lot 4 block 1 Sikes 3rd addition Skeston, \$1.—Benton Democrat.

Whipped cream is not only a pleasantly luxurious addition to a dessert, but a food in itself. It is not needed after a rich, hearty dinner, but is appetizing and suitable after the lighter type of meals served in summer time.

A few days ago the Post man had all opportunity to see how far work had progressed on the Cape Girardeau river bridge, and considering that since early spring work had been suspended on account of high water, much progress has been made. The incline on this side, from the ground to the first pier, is finished, as is another pier closer to the river. Out in the river a caisson was being placed in position to be lowered to the bottom of the river. The men working inside of the caisson, far below the water's surface, where they spread the concrete with a powerful air pump, have a job which no one should envy. On the Illinois side also much work has been done. If no more high water interferes, it might be possible that vehicles will cross the river next year without the use of a ferry boat.

—Jackson Post.

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1928

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at
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SKESTON, MO.

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at a LOWER PRICE
fastest four in America
... mile-a-minute performance
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Try a mile at the wheel and experi-
ence a new sensation ••

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SKESTON STANDARD

C. L. BLANTON, EDITOR

ISSUED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
AT SKESTON, MISSOURIEntered at the Postoffice at Skeston,
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Display advertising, per single col-
umn inch, net.....25c
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Yearly subscription in Scott and the
adjacent counties.....\$ 1.50
Yearly subscription elsewhere in the
United States.....\$ 2.00

We have been asked to pass on the
vaudeville show that was presented
as an added attraction at the Malone
Theatre last Friday evening. Those
taking part asked to have copies of
the papers sent them that they might
see themselves as others see them.
Well, there was a packed house that
evening and when the curtain raised
for the vaudeville out stepped a little
man with a few dry remarks that he
thought were funny, but tickled none
of the audience. In his way, he told
where all they had been and what a
fine trio they were, except for bad
colds. Then he introduced Cora Walsh,
who played the accordion in a very
satisfactory way and pulled a crack-
ed voice through a heavily painted
face. Then Happy Jo Jo Manning
tried to be funny in a way that was

very tiring to most of the audience.
Rose Claverie was the real piece de
resistance. She had on a skimpy
piece of thin black goods around the
supper part of her chest—close up un-
der her arms, and a big black silk
handkerchief, as a breech cloth, and
nothing more. When she jumped out
in the floor all spraddled out and gave
a few wiggles, the hush among the
grandmas was painful with some of
them gasping, "Oh, my Lord". The
grandpas were paralyzed. She was
young, lean, lithe and lonesome, and
every married man present was afraid
to say it was a good show and that
she exhibited rare interpretations of
the terpsichorean art. We tried it and
was frozen. It was rather advanced
for the kerosene circuit, and most of
those present would have preferred
the lights turned low when they
emerged from the honk-a-tonk. Some
way or other, less art and more cloth-
es usually appeals to the public and
leaves no blushes.

The meeting at New Madrid of
those who are interested in seeing the
north and south highway follow the
ridge survey, should call out a large
per cent of the people from the sec-
tions affected. The meeting will be
held Tuesday evening, July 26, at the
court house. It is time now to act if
the road is to follow the general route
now traversed. Skeston will have a
good delegation present.

Ed Crowe was in Skeston, Sunday,
just as fleetly as ever.

A FRIEND AT COURT

Ever since his first visit to the
flood-stricken sections of the Mis-
sissippi Valley it has been increas-
ingly apparent that Secretary Hoover
would be a friend at court of the
states that are compelled every few
years to bear the heavy burden of
half the nation. He had not been in
the area being devastated by waters
rushing down from more than 30 of
the 48 states when he announced that
the control of this recurring menace
was the plain duty of the whole na-
tion. Secretary Hoover saw thou-
sands of homes ruined, millions of
acres of fertile soil inundated and pre-
vented from furnishing the sustain-
ing fruits of life, 600,000 people im-
poverished by the loss of all they
possessed and made charges upon the
nation, and he realized that, since
these and innumerable other suffer-
ings had been imposed by half of the
nation upon a small part of it, it was
a solemn obligation on the whole na-
tion to prevent a recurrence.

Since the waters of the flood began
to recede, Secretary Hoover has got-
ten an even clearer outline of the
colossal and urgently imperative na-
ture of the problem. He gave his
idea to President Coolidge at a con-
ference in Black Hills Tuesday and he
insisted that certain assistance by
the government must be immediate.
In the first place the government
must close the gaps in the levees by
fall. No aid can be expected from
the states affected because they have
suffered too much. Then, Congress
must help in paying interest charges
and amortization for the holders of
levee bonds in the sections where the
floods have prevented the planting of
crops. And finally some provision
must be made for those who will be
unable to grow a crop.

Whether or not an extra session is
called, the sufferers from the dis-
astrous inundation must live. Their
lives cannot be the pawns of politi-
cal whims. Neither can future pro-
tection be put off to suit the conven-
ience of politicians. Safeguarding
the overflooded sections by repairing
the levee gaps and by helping them
to carry the financial obligations of
former levee work must be done at
once. These things are immediately
urgent and it is well for the flood suf-
ferers that they have a friend who
understands their needs and is willing
to fight to supply them.

The matter of formulating a com-
plete flood control policy can well
wait on the report of the army en-
gineers. But there should be no un-
necessary delay even in that, because
there is no guarantee that another
and even larger flood will not sweep
down the valley next spring. That final
flood control decision, however,
must require deliberation. But there
needs no discussion over the necessity
for the flood victims to continue to
exist, or for the affected regions to be
guaranteed against failure on their
obligations.

These things must be done and
must be done at once. It will require
the influence and power of a potent
national figure to beat down political
preferences and sectional indifference.
And it seems that Secretary Hoover
is honestly and earnestly determined
to be that figure. We hope in confi-
dence that he will succeed.—Commer-
cial Appeal.

GRANT'S MISSISSIPPI FLOOD

It was sixty-four years ago that
10,000 of Gen. U. S. Grant's soldiers
were ordered one morning to blow up
the Mississippi River levee and make
an inland sea of the whole region
above Vicksburg. Vicksburg was the
Gibraltar of the Mississippi River, for
no place in America was fortified as
it was, yet its capture was a neces-
sity to the federal cause. It occurred
to General Grant to try and get an
army behind Vicksburg by water
when the Mississippi was in flood, and
he decided to cut the levee and turn
the whole region for 100 miles into
an ocean deep enough to float 100
ships.

On February 24, 1863, a fleet of seven
gunboats and seventeen steamers,
each carrying 1000 soldiers, assembled
at the great cut above Helena. At
the firing of a gun each boat in its
turn was to make its dash down the
descent in a whirlpool of waters. Never
before had such a sight been seen.
The thousands of soldiers were cheer-
ed while their boats were being swirl-
ed about like straws. The pilots lost
all control of their steamers. Then
came the unique scene of a whole fleet
sailing over fields and plantations and
through forests for days. At night
the fleet tied up to forest trees. For
days they sailed around that unchart-
ed sea. Suddenly there was a halt
near the Yahabusha River. The Con-
federates had built a great fort and
the ships were welcomed by a blast
of cannon. Furthermore, the Missis-
sippi was beginning to recede. Four
days more and the whole fleet would
have been stranded in the cotton
fields. By rapid steaming they got
back into the river in time to save
the ships.—K. C. Star.

THOSE 1928 BUICKS

The effortless surge of power which
enables Buick for 1928 to idle along
in barely perceptible motion, or to
dash away like an arrow, is acclaimed
by those who have driven the new car
as one of its most amazing features.

The power plant responsible for this
dazzling performance is the famous
Buick six-cylinder valve-in-head en-
gine, whose vibrationless operation
was the most discussed engineering
advance in the automotive industry
the past season. This famous engine
is carried to new heights of power
and smoothness in Buick for 1928. Al-
ready incomparably quiet, it now un-
leashes a flow of silent, irresistible
power which makes a ride in the new
Buick a sensational experience. Get-
away second to none, and the ability
to reach and maintain breathtaking
speeds without effort, characterize the
new car. Incredible mastery over
time and space are standard equip-
ment with every one of the 16 new
Buicks.

The Buick engine is in the main
the same power plant which made so
many thousands of Buick friends last
year. As in the 1927 car, the count-
erweighted crankshaft and torsion
balancer absorb all vibration, nipping
the troublesome problem before it
has a chance to develop. Buick has
eliminated the difficulty at its source,
instead of the usual practice of tying
down vibration with extra bearings.
Buick engineers acted on the knowl-
edge that vibration, once set up,
could not be checked. They went
away back to fundamentals, and de-
signed a Buick crankshaft to elimi-
nate vibration by neutralizing it as it
develops.

The vacuum ventilated crankcase,
oil filter, air cleaner, and thermostatic
water control all are continued in
Buick for 1928. Such longer-estab-
lished principles as the sealed chassis
and torque-tube drive of course re-
main. There are, besides, several
engine improvements which result in
a substantial increase of power, as
well as in a new silence of operation.

Chief among these improvements is
the new Buick cylinder head, worked
out in light of long study of the
problem of internal combustion. The
head is of the spherical type, and it
gives higher compression, with less
detonation, which means that a great-
er portion of the fuel is transformed
into useful power. Buick engineers,
however, have avoided placing Buick
owners in the plight of the racing
driver, whose high compression, small
displacement engine will operate only
on special and costly fuels. The Buick
engine is adaptable to any fuel, and
will give a brilliant account of itself
on any.

The new cylinder head has better
provision for cooling valves, which
means that the valves seat more
tightly, and that power is thus con-
served. The entire exhaust system,
from the exhaust ports through the
manifold, pipes and muffler, is en-
larged to eliminate back pressure and
increase power.

A more easily operated, and more
silent, valve system is a feature of
Buick for 1928. The valve-operating
mechanism, including valve springs,
has less inertia to be overcome by the
crankshaft. This member, too, has
been redesigned to give a greater
area of valve opening and better co-
ordination of valve action.

Closely allied to the engine is the
starting, lighting and ignition sys-
tem, which has undergone several
improvements. The gear ratio be-
tween starter motor and flywheel is
greater, to improve winter cranking,
and there is a thermostatic output
control on the generator, to regulate
automatically the charging rate, for
winter and summer.

The result of these engine improve-
ments is a substantial betterment of
Buick performance. The driver of
the 1928 models will find a new re-
serve of power at car speeds ranging
from five to thirty miles an hour,
which means that his Buick will man-
euver readily in traffic, accelerate
very rapidly and to exceptionally high
speeds, and show surprising eager-
ness on the hills. The car will re-
spond to its owner's every whim.
Whether it be the alternate creeping
and darting of congested city travel,
or the romping gait of the open coun-
try that is desired, Buick reflects the
driver's mood as no other car ever
has done before.

PHONE 433

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Osteopathic Physician
Phone 562
Rooms 12 and 14
Kready Building

DR. H. E. REUBER
Osteopathic Physician
204 Scott County Mill Bldg.
Telephone 132

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Bank Bldg. Morehouse. Mo.
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C. W. LIMBAUGH
Dentist
Dr. Harrelson's office
McCoy-Tanner Building
Skeston, Mo.

B. F. BLANTON
Dentist
Office: Dr. Smith's Rooms

DR. C. T. OLD
Veterinary Surgeon
Skeston, Mo.
Office: J. A. Matthews Wagon Yard
Phone 114, Night 221

L. B. ADAMS
Veterinarian
Skeston, Mo.
Office: At Residence, 903 N. Kings-
highway
Office and residence 444

HARRY C. BLANTON
Attorney-at-Law
Peoples Bank Bldg.

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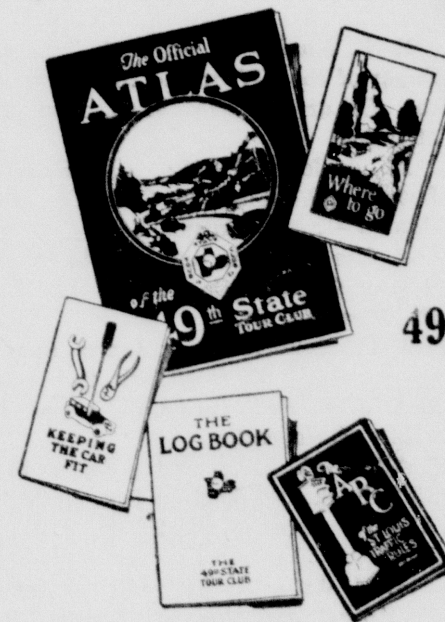
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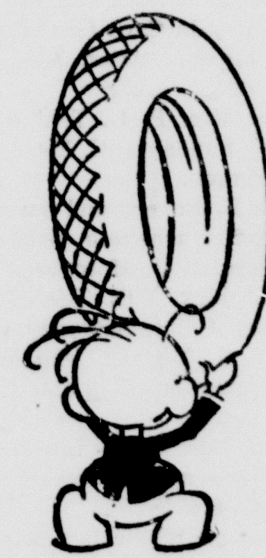


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BIRGER GIVEN DEATH; VERDICT HARD BLOW TO GANGS IN ILLINOIS

Benton, Ill., July 24.—Machine gun terrorization of Southern Illinois was dealt what was considered its death blow today, when a jury of 12 men decided to send Charlie Birger, gunman chief, to the gallows and Art Newman and Ray Hyland, two of the henchmen, to the state prison, for life.

Birger and Newman were convicted of plotting the murder of Mayor Joe Adams of West City last December. Hyland, according to the testimony, drove Harry Thomasson, 19, and his younger brother, Elmo, now dead, to Adams' front door where they shot and killed him. Thomasson pleaded guilty, was sentenced to life imprisonment and was the state's star witness against Birger, Newman and Hyland.

As the fateful words that sealed his doom were read in court today, Birger remained the stoical man of iron that he was during the bloody reign of his machine gun in Southern Illinois.

"We, the jury, find the defendant, Charlie Birger, guilty of murder, in manner and form as charged, and we fix his punishment at death," boomed the voice of Judge Miller.

The decision of the jurors means that Birger must hang, for the law recently passed by the Legislature, which provides for death in the electric chair for murderers in Illinois, specifically states that it is effective only in cases of murder committed after July 1, 1927.

Birger sat steady as a rock. A moment of tense silence followed the reading of the verdict. Then, suddenly, the gangster's sister, Mrs. Ray Shamsky, of St. Louis, moaned out in the audience, and Birger shook off the sympathetic hand that his chief counsel, R. E. Smith, had laid on his shoulder.

"Go to my sister," Birger whispered, "go to my sis."

The jury returned its verdict this afternoon following 22 hours of deliberations.

After the verdict had been read the prisoners returned to the county jail. State's Attorney Roy C. Martin, who spent months gathering the evidence on which based this case, said:

"This ends the terror of the machine gun in Southern Illinois and restores the supremacy of the law."

"We decided in the first hour that all three men were guilty," one juror said. "After that it was a question of punishment."

None of the jurors could say just why they made a distinction in punishment between Birger and Newman. One said perhaps it was because Birger was the gang leader, and Newman only a henchman, but he wouldn't be certain either.

Attorneys for all three defendants at once made the usual motion for a new trial and Judge Miller set it for hearing next Wednesday. Attorneys Smith, Charles A. Karch, Serial Thompson and Forest Goodfellow for Birger, announced that Birger will not be hanged until the United States Supreme Court has passed on his case.

"When at the beginning of this trial we challenged the jury panel because no women had been placed upon it, we injected a federal question into the case," Attorney Karch said: "On that question we will go to the highest court in the land. It is our contention that the Nineteenth Amendment automatically abrogated all state statutes on jury services."

"I am surprised," the lawyer continued, "that the jury should have shown distinction as between Birger and Newman. But we are not defeated. Every legal move that may be made for Birger will be made."

Birger, as always the fatalist, seemed utterly undismayed by the verdict.

"I have been characterized as a pretty bad actor," he said. "I guess I have been some, but not quite so bad as they have made me out to be, nor guilty of all they have charged me with. I want no sympathy from a living soul."

In the crowded courtroom as the verdicts were read no one noticed a stoutish, black haired woman of about 45 standing to one side near the door. It was not until Birger and Ray Hyland were being led out, handcuffed together, that they knew she was there.

As Hyland passed she suddenly sobbed aloud and threw her arms around his neck.

"My boy, oh my poor, poor boy!" she wailed and as they dragged her away, "I'm his mother—mother, gentlemen."

A kindly deputy stepped back beside her and she spoke incoherently to him.

"I'm Mrs. Esther Hyland," she said, "his mother. My God, why did my boy get into this terrible thing. He never was a bad boy, sir. Honestly. Never in any serious trouble before—and now to think of this—"

Later she said she lives in Detroit and that friends from East St. Louis

had driven her to Benton this morning. As Birger and her son disappeared inside the jail Hyland's mother sat down on the running board of a car parked there. She seemed dazed and utterly miserable. Soon Sheriff Pritchard's wife came and led her up on the porch of the sheriff's house and gave her some water to drink. A half hour afterward they let her go inside and talk with her son.

INJURED HIGHWAYMAN IS SLOWLY IMPROVING

George Faris, who was injured while at work with a State Highway survey party, on No. 61, seven miles south of Sikeston, last Thursday, is slowly recovering. Word was received Sunday, from the hospital in Cairo, where he was taken after the accident, that the rumor pertaining to internal injuries, was false. Faris coughed a little blood last Friday and it was the opinion of the specialist that his left lung had been injured, but after a thorough examination, it was found that besides the broken leg, the torn place on his scalp and the gash cut in his arm, there was only a little sickness caused by the shock and bruises.

Faris, with other members of the party, was doing some survey work and had stretched a tape across the road. Two cars were going toward New Madrid and when the first one stopped, the second was going at such a speed that the space between the two was too small to stop in, so Tucker, the driver of the second car, swerved to the left and skidded into Faris, who was using an instrument, and Weinberg, who was taking notes, knocking them both down, injuring Faris and bruising Weinberg.

Faris was rushed to Sikeston and after his leg was set, he was moved to the hospital at Cairo.

Tucker, with the other occupants of the car, J. F. Belle, Miss Bertha Dunfee and J. M. Saffero, were arrested, and were taken to New Madrid.

Tucker was fined \$10 for reckless driving and the car attached to pay the expenses of Faris if anything might occur.

Faris lives in Charleston and is well known in Sikeston. He was recently connected with the Mississippi County Trust Company at Charleston.

DR. BOMAR TO LOCATE IN POPLAR BLUFF

Dr. A. L. Bomar received word Saturday that he had successfully passed the examinations given by the State Board of Dentistry.

He will immediately move his equipment to Poplar Bluff and as soon as it is installed, he will practice the profession.

Bomar is a graduate of Sikeston High School and the Washington U., St. Louis school of dentistry. His family will move when he becomes located.

The Standard commends this young couple to the good people of Poplar Bluff, and wish them success in their new home.

OLD BLACKSMITH SHOP DISMANTLED

The A. C. Johnson Blacksmith Shop is being torn down this week. The building is one of the oldest in Sikeston and has been a smithshop since 1907.

The frame will be straightened and after being covered with sheet metal, the State Highway will use it for a maintenance room.

DEEDS RECORDED

B. F. Markle to Mary L. Markle: SE qr of the SW qr and the SW qr of the SE qr 10-22-11. \$1.00, love and affection.

Ab Taylor and wife to J. F. Hill: Lots 8 and 9 block 29 Cooper's Addition to City of Parma, \$400.

R. Lee Williams and wife to Meyer Albert Grocery Co.: Lot 8 block 4, Pt. Pleasant, \$1.00.

J. H. Holtermann to James Baker: Lots 1 and 2 block 5 Lewis 2nd Addition to Libbourn. \$1.00 and other valuable consideration.

Alfred C. Sikes and wife to People's Bank of Sikeston: Sec. 33-23-12. Also 87 acres of the SE qr 28-23-12. \$1.00.

F. E. Arbuckle and wife to James D. Kocheil and Vera R. Kocheil, his wife: Lot 1 block 8 Canalou. \$700.—New Madrid Record.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bean drove to Essex, Sunday.

Mrs. A. C. Barrett and Miss Kate Austin drove to Cape Girardeau, Monday.

George Steck of Cape Girardeau is down here this week, decorating the window of Buckner-Ragsdale Store Company for their sale of Society Brand suits.

There is no practical advantage in adding water to the grain ration, because of the large amount of saliva and other digestive fluids secreted by a dairy cow.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL FROM MATTHEWS

Mrs. Bertha Pickette, Miss Hazel Fawell and Elridge Binford motored to Portageville, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Atkins and little son of Belle City were Matthews visitors, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Steele and little daughter, Mary, of New Madrid visited with relatives here, Sunday.

Misses Nota Watkins, Blanche Revelle and Richard Cox motored to Hayti and Caruthersville, Sunday.

Mrs. Roy Alsip and Miss Lillith Deane were Sikeston visitors, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Vaughn and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur of Chaffee visited at the home of Mrs. Bettie Vaughn, Sunday.

Mrs. L. F. Swartz entertained a number of youngsters Friday evening with a party complimentary to her little son, Benny's 9th birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Billie Gmeinhardt and babe motored to Jackson, Sunday, to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke French of Chaffee are here visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lumsden and children were Sikeston visitors, Sunday.

A number of our citizens motored to Sikeston Thursday evening to listen in over the radio and see how the fight between Sharky and Dempsey came out.

Misses Aleta Hill and Wilburn Jenkins are visiting with Miss Hill's sister, Mrs. Russell Stone, in Sikeston, this week.

A revival meeting will start Sunday evening, July 31, at the Methodist church.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Mize motored to Sikeston Sunday to take the latter's mother and sister to the doctor.

We are sorry to have report that Welton Beavers is still very ill at this writing.

Mrs. Malcolm Ratcliff shopped in Sikeston, Saturday.

"Nig" Rogers and Will Briggens left Wednesday for Detroit, Mich., where they will seek employment.

A very interesting game of baseball was played on Matthews diamond Sunday afternoon between Matthews and Canalou. A large crowd was in attendance. The score was 9-12 in favor of Canalou.

Will Watkins and Homer Greenlee of Sikeston were Matthews visitors, Sunday.

Miss Ella Vaughn returned Sunday from Chaffee, where she has been visiting with her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Vaughn.

Mr. and Mrs. Zimmer visited with relatives in Charleston, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hill and children spent Sunday in Morehouse, the guest of Mrs. Hill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ball.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM MOREHOUSE

Mrs. O. M. Headlee and children spent the day in Cape Girardeau Sunday, visiting her sister, Mrs. Arthur Williams of St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Teal and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bryce Edwards.

Mrs. E. E. Rogers and daughter of Caruthersville are here visiting her mother, Mrs. J. G. Moccabee.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Mathis were shopping in Cairo, Saturday.

Mrs. M. A. Massey, who has been ill for the past week, is able to sit up now.

Mr. and Mrs. Brice Edwards have returned from a three weeks' vacation in Northwest Missouri.

Mrs. Judson Reynolds returned this week from Flint, Mich., where she has been for the past five weeks. Mr. Reynolds will remain for another two weeks.

D. L. Fisher returned Sunday from a vacation spent in Indiana.

The Morehouse Oil Company has been organized and has secured leases on considerable land. It is their intention to use the leases to induce oil companies to drill test wells in this territory.

P. H. Teal produced 66.34 tons of timothy hay on 29 acres on his McMullin farm near Gray Ridge, an average of 2.28 tons per acre. It sold for \$20 per ton yielding a rent of \$22.87 per acre. It seems to be the banner crop for wet lands and wet seasons.

Hunter Albritton is in St. Louis this week looking over a position he has been assigned.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodge Decker and son, Hodge, Jr., are spending a few days in Paducah, Ky., visiting relatives.

Among the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Taylor this week are Miss Katherine Scarry of St. Louis and Miss Mae Dixon of Paducah, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin McCoy, Miss Mildred Stubblefield and Ernest Harper spent Sunday on Reelfoot Lake. Ruskin caught a nine-pound bass.

Local and Personal

Miss Doris Gilbert was the dinner guest of Miss Evelyn Sutton, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Young and children drove to Poplar Bluff, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Heath attended the ball game in Poplar Bluff, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Heisler were Poplar Bluff visitors, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Eula Hahn and Mrs. J. C. Ellis of Tanner shopped in Sikeston, Saturday.

Elmos Taylor and Brown Jewell attended the baseball game in Poplar Bluff, Sunday.

C. C. Rose and son Emery, and Ed Fuchs spent Sunday on a picnic at Brewers' Lake.

Mrs. A. S. B. Smith of Dexter is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. Otto Habs and family.

Miss Marjorie Smith, who has been visiting with her parents in Gideon, has returned to Sikeston.

Spencer Black, who was recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, returned home, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Crowe and son Hardin, of Dexter spent Sunday in Sikeston with Mrs. Laura Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hirschberg and little daughter of Cape Girardeau were visitors to Sikeston, last week.

Harry Ellis of Cairo was called to this city on account of the death of his grandfather, Rev. T. B. Boardman.

Misses Letha Scott, Freda Greer and Mrs. Jewel Gentles attended the baseball game in Poplar Bluff, Sunday.

Mrs. Emil Miller of Cape Girardeau, Mrs. R. A. Moll and Miss Hyacinth Sheppard spent Saturday in Cairo.

The editor and wife were treated to a drive over the corduroy turnpike Sunday evening between Sikeston and Dexter.

Misses Hyacinth Sheppard, Evelyn Sutton and Doris Gilbert attended the ball game in Poplar Bluff Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Edwin Eggers left Sunday morning for her home in St. Louis, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Elkins.

Mrs. Homer Burris, Mrs. Robert Mow and daughter and Mrs. Harry Dudley and daughter were in Poplar Bluff Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. R. A. Moll and children of Cairo and Mrs. J. N. Sheppard spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Libbourn Stepp near New Madrid.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. Sutton, Linn Sutton and Leonard Watson spent Sunday afternoon in Poplar Bluff with relatives and friends.

Mrs. A. L. Sanders and daughter, Elizabeth, of Blytheville, Ark., and Mrs. J. R. Bowman of Jackson are visiting Mrs. Nellie Estes this week.

Misses Margaret and Katherine Hanner left Saturday night for Chicago. Miss Margaret will spend three weeks there. Miss Katherine will remain.

Bill Walker, Fred Young, Ernest Inman, Ralph Williams, Lanier Carter, Carroll Sutton, Misses Fern Mainord and Doroth Armour were among those to take advantage of the excursion to St. Louis, Sunday.

Miss Florence Kelly, who spent the week-end with Mrs. L. E. Boardman and other friends, returned to her home at Carthage, last Sunday. Miss Kelly will teach in the Carthage schools the coming term, beginning September 5.

Mrs. Emil Miller and children returned to their home in Cape Girardeau, Sunday afternoon, after a few days visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Sheppard and family. Mr. Miller came down Sunday morning with his parents, to accompany Mrs. Miller home.

Mrs. Olgo House, who spent a few hours in this city last Saturday, called on her aged grandfather, Rev. T. N. Boardman, who was very ill at the home of her uncle, Lewis Boardman, on her return trip from Cairo to her home, in Shaw, Miss. Mrs. House will be remembered as Miss Olgo Ellis of Cairo.

The Standard enjoyed a pleasant visit Friday afternoon from Col. Whitelaw of Cape Girardeau. He came in to call on David Blanton, whom he and Mrs. Whitelaw met on a train traveling from Los Angeles to San Diego, Calif. Mr. Whitelaw was raised in Essex County, Virginia, but has been a full fledged Missourian for many years.

Miss Theobelle Boardman, of Springfield, Mo., having been called here on account of the death of her grandfather, Thos. N. Boardman, spent the week-end at the home of her uncle, Lewis Boardman, has returned home to complete her studies in the business course, after which she will teach in the Kansas City school for the coming term, beginning September 6.

GIRLS LEAD THEM ASTRAY A JUDGE SAYS

The world has always taken for granted that it was the social role of the male to take the initiative in all matters that even remotely pertained to sex, whether his motive was good or bad; whether his purpose was courtship and marriage or something entirely different. There was good reason for this. The male has always enjoyed a special license. It was the woman who paid the score for sex transgression. Indeed, society rather expected of the youth that he sow a few wild oats to demonstrate his masculinity.

Nevertheless, with all their privileges, the vast majority of boys failed to go straightway to the devil. This was not a proof of their moral superiority. In fact, all the credit belong to the girls of the time. Accepting implicitly the code of man's special privilege, she was sleeplessly on the defensive. And in protecting herself from the boy she protected the boy from himself.

Perhaps the girl of yesterday did go to extremes in prudery. There wasn't much sense in calling legs "limbs", in dying of shame if an ankle was exposed accidentally, in being horrified by an allusion to maternity as something definitely shameful. But at least such evasions weren't potentially as dangerous as the prevailing lack of reticence between boys and girls. It isn't in the program of the girl of today to play the shrinking violet and wait for the boys to seek her out, as she did not long ago when "forwardness" was the cardinal sin for young womanhood.

Think of the sex matters the modern flapper discusses openly. Think of the way she reveals her body, not only on the beaches but in the homes, on the streets, anywhere and everywhere. Think of the vogue of petting in secluded places. And, finally, think of the candor with which she drinks liquor—the letdown of her final barrier, the lash to a boy's sex instincts and the liquid backbone to lend him courage. The typically modern girl will not admit that transgression spells damnation for a wayward sister. The trouble is that in the minds of countless harbored girls that viewpoint is carried too far. She begins to believe that social sin is actually inconsequential—dangerous only because of the physical penalty Nature may exact. And when a girl sees no great harm in an act unless it is found out she is already nine-tenths won over.

It used to be that the "fast" girl was branded by her actions and her appearance, but today it would defy Solomon to choose by outward indications between the good girl and the girl of easy morals. It was an unusual boy who a few years ago would attempt any familiarity with a girl in half way decent society, especially if he liked her. He knew that a girl need not be a prude to construe as a deadly insult any action that seemed to imply doubt of her virtue.

There were boys who drank in the old days, of course, but very few started until they were well out of their teens. Let a boy appear at a dance with but the hint of booze in his appearance or conduct and if he got more than one partner it was because the girls' couldn't pass the word around quickly enough to forestall him. You can't blame the widespread drinking among the young of today upon the boy. I heard a certain educator sum up the situation pungently.

"Whereas boys used to be ostracized socially if they drank," he said, "nowadays they're ostracized if they don't."

Its a blind parent who doesn't sense in the situation a grave danger to his son. There is danger for the girl, too, but less impending, because the parent of today still guards his women folk in a measure, while few seem to watch their sons.

An acquaintance of mine said he couldn't see the justice of holding the girl of today responsible for the general laxity that prevails among young people.

"The boys are equal partners in all they do," he said. "Therefore, there should be an equal division of blame."

The boys are not equal partners in the beginning. Without what he interprets as encouragement from a girl no normal boy will attempt to cross the boundaries of respect. The boy mind where he links chastity with modesty. Pay close attention to a has not yet grown beyond the state of group of boys and girls of the sort I have in mind. Listen to the subjects they discuss and their frank observations on the various phenomena of sex. Nine times out of ten the girl takes the lead.

Many persons contend that this sort of frankness makes for safety. Nothing I have observed makes me believe that to be so. Familiarity, I have noticed, when basic instincts are involved, instead of breeding a salutary contempt for evil, is more apt to bring about a gradual tolerance. Ideas

that shock and repel the unsophisticated mind at first with repetition come to seem usual, the acts they describe to be natural and excusable.

The very fact that the average boy of today does not consciously lack respect for the immodest girl is one of the bad signs. His seeming failure to think less of her, even when she goes beyond the bounds, proves that he holds a cheapened idea of the whole sex. Ceasing to exact virtue seems to me to indicate that he believes virtue to be unusual and not at all essential.

That is the big price of the modern boy's sophistication. And he is going to pay more for it, measure by measure, than he ever paid with all the ills, mental and physical, he suffered by his sex straying in the past.—Judge Charles A. Oberwager.

GARDNER MAY BE CAN- DIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

St. Louis, July 23.—Frederick D. Gardner, Missouri's war-time governor, positively is "not a candidate for any office at this time", but might consent to run for governor again if drafted, he said in a statement before sailing for Europe this week.

"I could only consent to become a candidate for governor of this state if I were sufficiently urged that it might be construed as being drafted by almost unanimous party", he said. "If the demand is sufficient, I guess I could afford to serve the people at Jefferson City again for a term of four years."

"I am leaving for Europe immediately and expects in my travels to study the conditions there bearing on the farm conditions especially in this country and see what can be done in a practical way to solve the much discussed and real problem confronting the farmers, especially in the West."

"The farmers have been my friends and I wish I could do something more for them than what I have done in the past. Of course, I know the farmers are not the only class that need help and encouragement at this time. The countless thousands of people in the cities and small towns are also having a terrific fight to sustain life, due to the high cost of living and high taxes. These two classes, the farmers and the hard-pressed city and small town citizens and laborers, should have some relief if possible. The other classes are able to take care of themselves."

"I certainly am going to see if there isn't some practical way of solving the farm questions and expect to have something to say either while I am in Europe or when I return."

"Of course, I appreciate the appeals and pleasant comments some of the newspapers are making on the advisability of my entering the gubernatorial race in Missouri in the coming campaign."

Mrs. W. O. Stubblefield and son, Billie, of Oswatone, Kas., are visiting Mrs. J. Fred Bowman and Mrs. John Simlar, at the home of the latter.

LOCAL YOUTH FORGES CHECKS ON MERCHANTS

Floyd Kirkpatrick, alias Fred Darby, alias George Harris, alias George Goodman, forged several checks Saturday night, on W. I. Jones and cashed them in some of Sikeston's leading mercantile houses.

Kirkpatrick, a neat appearing boy of about 21 years, made all the checks out alike, only endorsing them differently. He told the same story to most of the merchants that he had been working for the Kroger Grocery and Baking Company, driving a truck from Dexter to Portageville and returning, and that due to his ill health, he had been given a week in which to recuperate in St. Louis. His checks were all for about \$15 apiece and totaled around \$130.

Kirkpatrick, whose family resides in Sikeston, is believed to have made a trip to St. Louis with a girl named Katie.

SOUTHSIDE BATTERY STA- TION OPENS ON MALONE AVE.

The new Southside Battery Station, under the management of God Dill and Bill Warren, located with the Jack Shuppert Plumbing Company, in the New Matthews Building on Malone Avenue, will open for business, Tuesday.

The new concern will handle all kinds of radio parts, battery parts, electrical fixtures and electrical ornamental pieces.

Dill will stay in the shop and look after the business end and Warren will do the house wiring and battery recharging and work. Warren finished a course in electrical engineering and has had considerable experience in the battery work.

Miss Ernie Taylor of St. Louis is visiting Mrs. Alvin Taylor, this week.

Mrs. C. M. Taylor of Illinois arrived Monday for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Nellie Estes.

Mrs. E. Cottle and Mrs. D. H. Patmore of Cape Girardeau are visiting Mrs. John Simlar, this week.

J. W. Wilkins and grandson, Pete Rogers, of Oran, left Sunday for a week's visit in Shawneetown, Ill.

Mrs. Anna Waldendoff of Kalamazoo, Michigan, returned to her home Friday, after a visit here with relatives.

FOR RENT—Two front rooms furnished for light housekeeping; also garage.—Mrs. Prouty, 423 Murray Lane, Phone 286W. tf.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Good cafe with good patronage. Low rent. Reasonable price. Address L. M., Standard, Sikeston. F. tf.

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. \$4.00 per week. Apply to Mrs. Flora Shain, 625 Prosperity. 2t

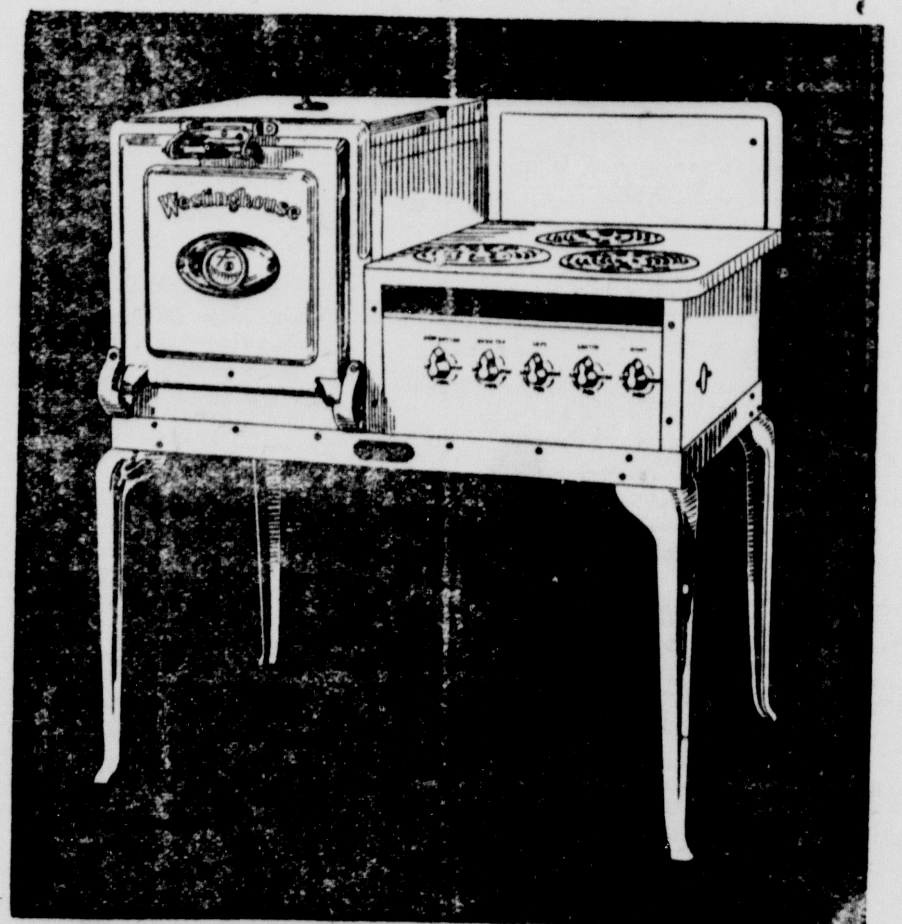
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Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

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CHAPTER XI

She was waiting in the clearing when Shot looped up, sniffed, looked at her curiously, then pawed her joyfully with fore feet.

"Shot, you know me?" And she rubbed the ears of the wriggling alre-dale.

"He has a good memory for his friends," said Garth, as the dog leaped in the snow around the pleased girl.

"I think it quite wonderful, though, that he should remember me. He knew me but five days."

Garth's mouth curled. "His master knew you no longer." And the factor of Elkwan revealed in the slow color that touched her temples—the swift flickering of heavy-lashed lids.

"His master had reason to remember the guests who insulted him in his own house."

"One of his guests," countered Guthrie, "was an angel of mercy. We seldom forget the visitation of angels, do we?"

"And the other—an ungrateful scandal-monger."

"I told you last night he was a blessing in disguise."

She looked squarely in his eyes as she said: "But I did not believe you, Mr. Exlie."

With a gesture of helplessness, he insisted, "But how am I to prove it to an unbeliever?"

Her eyes clouded. "Let's walk along the shore," she parried, and led the way, Shot circling her, begging for a frolic.

"You're trying again for the spring trade from the island?" she asked.

"Oh, with Soud there, and the echo of his spirit voices in their ears, we shall hold the hunters who crossed the strait."

"Then Elkwan will have a wonderful year?"

"Yes, the best in its history."

"Because of its new factor."

"Because of Etienne Savanne and Saul Soud."

"No," vehemently, "because you went inland and found Soud, and had the nerve to cross the channel through the ice in a York boat, then took a long chance over the new ice to reach

the island in time; Mr. Cameron knows."

He glanced sharply at the clean profile, crowned by a plume of wind-tossed hair. "You're a doughty champion."

"No, I'm only a fair critic."

"May I never have a fairer—one more 'unfair'?"

"Unfair? What do you mean, Mr. Exlie?"

She had given him his opening. "I mean, Joan Quarrier, that you have shut your heart to the truth," he plunged in impetuously. "I mean that you are coupling me with ghosts—dead memories; that you will not see—understand—"

In his eagerness to clarify her vision of him—erase the memory of Ethel with whom, in spite of his denials, he still seemed hopelessly involved, Garth floundered—came to a halt through sheer excess of emotion.

"Can't we continue the good friends we are, Mr. Exlie? We need friendship—understanding, up here on this lonely coast. Can't we—like two good comrades—hold to what we have?"

Dazed, helpless in the face of her obsession—her evident conviction that her brother had been the cause of his ultimate break with Ethel Falconer, Guthrie walked on in silence.

"Can't we hold to our friendship," she repeated, facing him, and slipping off her mitten, extended her hand.

He took it. At the raw pain in his eyes Joan Quarrier's lips opened in an involuntary catch of the breath. Her eyes widened in a look of wonder, as if startled by what she saw.

"You know you always will have my friendship," he said thickly. "I'm coming down the coast in February—to see my friend. May I?"

"Your friend will be very glad to see you."

At the door of the mission, she met his reluctant good-by with a smile so personal—so like a caress that the hand he gave her shook like a leaf in the wind.

"My friend," he repeated under his breath as he followed Shot back to Etienne and the waiting dog team, "my friend—my world."

Hour by hour, over the coast ice, the light sled reeled off the miles. So good was the going, so keen the five great huskies for the trail, that the men left their robes only to stretch their legs. The forty miles to the Big Willow river slid past by early afternoon, and the hungry men turned in to the river mouth to build a fire from driftwood and boil their kettle.

Twenty miles directly across the strait, the gray Akimiski hills parted to form Seal cove.

"I'd give a good deal to know how they took the news over there of the loss of the northern fur, Etienne," said Guthrie, busy with his plate of beans and bacon. "Hello! There's a team coming in over the ice. Wonder who it is."

For a time Etienne studied the black object through the binoculars, but when the kettle and fry-pan had been stowed and the sled cover relashed, two rifles in their skin cases rode by the sleds of the passengers.

A mile from the noon camp at the river the sled, evidently headed for the mouth of the Kapiskau, drew inshore.

"A hunter from de Kapiskau. We weel now hear how dew swear on de schooner dis Christmas."

The dog team slowed to a walk and shortly were within speaking distance. "Kequay!" called Savanne. "Where you go?"

Leaving his panting dogs, who straightway lay down on the ice, the stranger hurried to the sled from Elkwan. As he approached, it was evident to the two men that the Cree was laboring under strong excitement. His sled was heavily loaded and his hand breathing indicated that he had run much crossing the strait. Staggering up, he gasped: "De boat—ovair dere! All gone! McDonald! Ha! Ha! dead—all dead!"

"What?" cried Garth, "the schooner's crew—dead?"

"You come from dere—you see dem?" demanded the astute Etienne. A sinewy hand shot out, and gripping the Cree's shoulder, shook him violently.

"You see dem? How many?" repeated the half-breed, searching the Indian's face in an attempt to probe the truth of his statement.

"I see one dead man. No answer when I yell," insisted the other, and seemingly at the memory of the ship of the dead, his small eyes filled with dread.

"What happened? Was this man shot?" demanded Garth, exchanging glances with Savanne.

"He die of sickness—I look an' run. It was ver' bad down dere een dat boat," said the Indian with a shudder.

"Where the dogs there?"

"I see no dog."

"Where you from?" snarled Savanne, thrusting a face fierce with suspicion, into the Cree's.

"From de Kapiskau. I go to de boat to trade some fox."

"You get dat flour from de boat—steal it!" hazarded Etienne, guessing at the nature of the bulky load on the Indian's sled.

The Cree nodded. "Dey not use it now."

The smart face of the head man at Elkwan hardened into creased leather as he turned to Garth, and whispered: "I don lak dis t'ing. He see one man. Mebbe de oders ambush us. What we do?"

"I'm going over to find out. It's my duty. Boucher will wait for days. They may not all be dead. I'm going."

"Suppose eet ees a trick? Suppose de ones not dead wait for der revanche, w'en we come?"

"We'll stalk 'em and see."

Dropping his mittens and deliberately reaching under his capote, Etienne drew his skinning knife. Coolly running a thumb over the edge, he thrust his face into that of the disturbed Indian while his slit-like eyes snapped as he bit off the words: "You lie! McDonald! Ha! Ha! sen' you to Kapiskau. You spik de trut', or I—"

and seizing the Indian by his hood, he made a quick pass at his throat.

Overawed by the fierceness of the strangers, the undersized Cree swayed on his feet, repeating in his seeming terror: "I spik de trut'. You go to de boat—you see!"

"We go to de boat—an' you go wild us," snarled Etienne.

At the words, the Indian's face went gray. "De spirit—I am scare to go back," he protested; but the inexorable Etienne ordered him to turn his dogs and lead the way back.

It was hard on the hunter, if his story was straight, but bearding a waiting McDonald in his lair was not to be lightly hazarded.

"I think the man is honest, Etienne. He naturally hated to go again to the ship. But what could have happened—flu—smallpox?"

Savanne shook his head. Only recently the bay had been swept by influenza, brought in by a whaler, impartially striking down Eskimos, Indians, and dogs, but he was still suspicious of a counterstroke by the schooner people, sore from their defeat, and confidently expected a confession from the dog driver ahead before the dusk caught them. Guthrie,

on the contrary, believed that some epidemic, or possibly scurvy, had stricken the crew, and wondered if the great McDonald, in the pride of his strength, had found a grave in the Akimiski ice.

The Indian had seen but one body and fled, so he said; but the schooner had been silent as a tomb. Queer that all had died, so soon. As he left, he had called repeatedly from the deck, without answer, except once, faintly, he had heard something—like the voice of a spirit.

When the Cree had reluctantly cached his load of flour and they started to cross the twenty miles of ice, he begged them not to force him into that grave of white men. The ship was haunted by demons, an Indian from the north had said. They had brought the sickness—were displeased with McDonald! Ha! Ha!—and would surely bewitch him if he again went to that ship of the dead. But Etienne insisted that the seeming fear of the Cree was only a ruse to lead them into the trap while he hung back and thus avoided a shot in the back for his treachery.

Halfway across, the dusk from Akimiski moved out to meet the travelers, soon to look upon, in the berth of the schooner, death, in all horror of plague-stricken men; or to meet a treachery, as Guthrie believed, too vile for the uses of a fighting man—like Laughing McDonald. But the canny half-breed would not be convinced, and the knife, shifted to his capote sash, and the unceasing rifle barrel thrusting from his robe, were sinister witnesses to his distrust of the Cree.

The barrens of the island purpled, then fused with the dusk. Stars glittered above the moving teams. At last in the starlight, the black masses of the hills flanking Seal cove loomed ahead. The Indian stopped his dogs.

"Eet ees ovair dere," he pointed to the invisible shore.

Ordering the disarmed Cree to remain with his dogs, Etienne called Garth for a whispered council of war.

"De schooner ees not far. We stop an' tie up de husky. Den you an' Shot go one way an' I tak' dees feller wid de gun een hees back an' we circle round de boat."

"All right! If either sees or hears anything, two long whistles. Will they hear our dogs if they yelp?"

"No, eet ees too far."

Shot, trained to silence, would be invaluable in a fight, but the huskies' yelping would betray them, so they were lashed to the sleds.

"Eef we don't see nodin', I mak' dis feller holler to de ship. Den we wait. I tell heem he is de first een de boat, wid de gun een hees ribs. He ver' scare—somet'ing bad here," warned Etienne.

"He's afraid of the devils," suggested Garth, uncasing his rifle, and regretting that his army automatic hung neglected in its bolster on the rack at

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"No, eet ees too far."

Shot, trained to silence, would be invaluable in a fight, but the huskies' yelping would betray them, so they were lashed to the sleds.

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"He's afraid of the devils," suggested Garth, uncasing his rifle, and regretting that his army automatic hung neglected in its bolster on the rack at

the Indian had seen but one body.

on the contrary, believed that some epidemic, or possibly scurvy, had stricken the crew, and wondered if the great McDonald, in the pride of his strength, had found a grave in the Akimiski ice.

The Indian had seen but one body and fled, so he said; but the schooner had been silent as a tomb. Queer that all had died, so soon. As he left, he had called repeatedly from the deck, without answer, except once, faintly, he had heard something—like the voice of a spirit.

When the Cree had reluctantly cached his load of flour and they started to cross the twenty miles of ice, he begged them not to force him into that grave of white men. The ship was haunted by demons, an Indian from the north had said. They had brought the sickness—were displeased with McDonald! Ha! Ha!—and would surely bewitch him if he again went to that ship of the dead. But Etienne insisted that the seeming fear of the Cree was only a ruse to lead them into the trap while he hung back and thus avoided a shot in the back for his treachery.

Halfway across, the dusk from Akimiski moved out to meet the travelers, soon to look upon, in the berth of the schooner, death, in all horror of plague-stricken men; or to meet a treachery, as Guthrie believed, too vile for the uses of a fighting man—like Laughing McDonald. But the canny half-breed would not be convinced, and the knife, shifted to his capote sash, and the unceasing rifle barrel thrusting from his robe, were sinister witnesses to his distrust of the Cree.

The barrens of the island purpled, then fused with the dusk. Stars glittered above the moving teams. At last in the starlight, the black masses of the hills flanking Seal cove loomed ahead. The Indian stopped his dogs.

"Eet ees ovair dere," he pointed to the invisible shore.

WE ARE NOW PICKING OUR FAMOUS

Mary Jane Peaches

Drive out and get a basket or more-- they are wonderful--Southeast Missouri's Best.

Better lay in your supply for canning now as they will not last long.

Mary Jane Peach Orchards

INCORPORATED

Two Miles South of Blodgett, Five Miles North of Miner Switch on Blodgett-Sikeston Road

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Ordering the disarmed Cree to remain with his dogs, Etienne called Garth for a whispered council of war.

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Red Crown Ethyl Will Give You a Thrill

There is a thrill to driving when your car is eager to go—alert to obey—steady—powerful—smooth—when it slips over hills with a smooth ease—creeps through traffic with a quiet purr—is quick as lightning to pick up speed.

Use Red Crown Ethyl and know that thrill. It knocks out that knock.

When touring demand Red Crown Ethyl—everywhere—and everywhere the same.

Touring Suggestions "Highways Are Happy Ways"

- 1-Kansas. Leavenworth on the bluffs overlooking the Missouri River, is reached by Interstate Highway 73. Established 1927. Fort Leavenworth is one of the oldest military posts in the West. The army service schools, Disciplinary Barracks, Federal Prison, Kansas State Penitentiary and western branch of the Home of Disabled Volunteer Soldiers are located here.
- 2-Iowa. Clear Lake derives its name from the crystal blue of its waters. Spacious groves of native oak line the shores. Varied recreational opportunities. U. S. Interstate Highway 18.
- 3-North Dakota. Merrickourt. White Stone Hill Battlefield where General A. H. Sully defeated the last of the North Dakota Indians, Sept. 20, 1863. May be reached by Highway 13 at Kalin or Highway 11 near Coldwater.
- 4-Missouri. At Nevada, Missouri, is a park historically important because of a spring within its boundaries which was used medicinally by the Osage Indians. Many miraculous cures were attributed to the use of the waters from this spring. Now owned by Osage Indian. Highway 54.
- 5-Michigan. Frankfort situated in Benzie County, the county of 50 lakes, noted for its fine fruit. State Highway 22.
- 6-South Dakota. The famous Pine Ridge and Rosebud Indian reservations are south of Interior, where the Sioux made their last stand against the white man on Wounded Knee Creek. Here the Indian may be seen in his native haunts. State Highway 40. Interstate Highway 18.

Under any plan of feeding hogs, free access to good, pure, water and a mineral mixture containing salt is necessary at all times.

The presence of flies is an indication of uncleanness, insanitary conditions, and improper disposal of substances in which they breed. Flies are not only annoying, but actually dangerous to health, since they may carry disease germs to exposed foods. Means of ridding the house of flies include the use of screens, fly papers, poisons and fly traps. Information on this subject including explanation of methods of eliminating breeding places may be obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Malone Theatre

7:30 NIGHTLY

TUESDAY

CLARA BOW



WITH REED HOWES AND ARTHUR HOUSMAN
A Paramount Picture

Clara Bow outwits "It" in this merry tale of Tenth Avenue's toughest—the girl whose sweetie fell so hard—his head hit the floor! You'll fall too for Clara! Doris Hill and Douglas Gilmore head the supporting cast.

NEWS AND COMEDY
Admission 10c and 35c

WEDNESDAY



A permanent wave in the fountain of youth with

EARLE FOXE, MARGARET LIVINGSTON, OLIVE TELL and RICHARD WALLING

Story by Nina Wilcox Putnam
What happens when a wife THINKS she is GETTING to be too young for her husband. Told by a cast of screen favorites in a comedy drama of laughs and sobs.

NEWS AND COMEDY
Admission 10c and 25c

THURSDAY



All her romance she had found in the pages of lurid love stories. And then she fell head-over-heels in love with the gayest heart-breaker in all Paris! Never has Norma Shearer had such a role as this! All the wit and charm that have brought her to stardom are here displayed in a setting of gayety and good humor. Her adventures in love are priceless! Her amazing journey towards matrimony will keep you in one long roar!

Norma Shearer's most sparkling role! with
CARMEL MYERS, DOROTHY SEBASTIAN
CARTOON AND COMEDY
Admission 10c and 25c

Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

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(Cont'd. from preceding page)

lesquely between boxes in a corner, a rigid hand gripping a glass, the candle lit the staring eyes and gaping mouth of a dead man.

"Black Breathe!" muttered Guthrie. "Died drunk! But that groan! Where are the rest?"

Turning, nauseated from the air and the loathsome spectacle, they found a stateroom. In two berths lay the dead bodies of the bearded mate Guthrie had met on the beach, and a sailor. Then a muttered groan and a curse led them to the adjoining room. Guthrie stood in the low door, holding the candle above his head.

In a bunk a gigantic figure lay in a sleeping bag. Guthrie bent forward, thrusting his arm with the light into the room. The heavy breathing of the bulk in the berth pulsing through the small room.

"McDonald!"

Etienne crowded beside his chief, curious to see the man whose fame had swept James Bay. The face was turned from the door and Guthrie entered the room to stumble over a bottle which rolled away, spilling its contents. Then he held a light over the mutilated face.

As the candle lit the russet hair and aching eyes, flaming with fever above the shattered face with its red beard, Guthrie stared motionless. Slowly his jaw dropped. As if in the spell of some strange fascination, the grimacing face in the candle light held Guthrie's unwavering eyes. Bewilderment, profound, shifted slowly to amazement—to recognition.

"Craig Galbraith!" he gasped. Then swiftly turning back the robes, exposed at the base of the corded neck a jagged scar.

"Craig Galbraith!—Laughing McDonald! God!—what irony!"

Turning to the perplexed Etienne, Guthrie rapidly explained as he felt for the pulse in a huge wrist.

"Etienne, you and I have work ahead! This is 'flu' or pneumonia. He needs some nourishment—may have starved for days. The bag has saved him—kept him warm with that fever."

"But you nurse heem—dis McDonald! Ha! Ha!" demanded the surprised half-breed.

"Nurse him!" Guthrie laughed rawly. "Why, this man took me on his back through hell itself—brought me through a barrage with one of his arms broken and a shot in the chest. He was my friend—my pal, understand?—saved my life! We were brothers—in France! Light the galley lamp and heat some broth—soup, quick!"

"Hees name not McDonald?" asked the bewildered Etienne, dazed by the swift reversal of the situation.

"No! I never suspected—never dreamed who McDonald was. He was shot in the face while I was in the hospital. I didn't know how bad it was—never saw him again."

With a quick glance of admiration at the gigantic frame of the man deep in delirium, Etienne went to find the galley and start a fire.

Guthrie found and lit a lamp; then

BAD PAINS IN SIDE

Spells of Nervousness Also Troubled This Lady Who Gives Cardui Credit for Helping Her Get Well.

Depew, Okla.—"For six years," says Mrs. Edd Burton, of this place, "I suffered as bad as a woman can suffer and still keep going."

"I was good for nothing, was lifeless and pale, unable to eat anything. Nothing agreed with me. At times I had such bad pains in my sides and back I would have to go to bed. I had cramping spells and would faint if I stood on my feet any length of time. My nerves would become upset at the least little thing and I would have spells of crying that were so exhausting they left me prostrate."

"Several of my friends suggested that I take Cardui. They told me of their experiences with it, how much they have been helped. At last I decided to try it."

"In a few weeks, I could see that I was improving, so I kept on. I did not expect the troubles of years to disappear in a few days, nor did they, but in time I was much better. I kept up the Cardui treatment for several months and thanks to it I am a well woman now."

At all drug stores. NC-180

Take **CARDUI** A VEGETABLE TONIC

poured some whisky in a glass and propping up the head of the unconscious man, got it down his throat. A rapid inspection of the boat discovered a fourth corpse. The Cree known to be with the schooner, and another man, had evidently deserted the dying. The absence of rash on the bodies and faces did away with the possibility of measles or smallpox. It was doubtless influenza, contracted from an Indian or Eskimo, for a warning had been received at Albany from Moose that influenza was again loose on the bay.

Finding the Cree waiting out on the ice, Garth sent him for the dog-teams and leaving the efficient Etienne watching a kettle of canned soup and a coffee pot on an oil stove, returned to Captain Craig Galbraith, alias McDonald! Ha! Ha!

Lighting a pipe to combat the odor of spilled whisky, Garth sat down on a stool to consider his problem.

Once after his return home he had heard from the man who had brought him unconscious through that hall of gas and lead and steel, and whom he had never seen since the day Galbraith left the same hospital to rejoin his command. In his letter from Halifax, Craig had refused an invitation to visit Montreal, pleading business, but, unknown to Garth, the giant at whom the women of France were wont to turn admiring eyes, had come home wearing the grin of a gargoyle. Then, like a rifle shot, struck home the realization that the man wanted in Halifax for killing his wife's lover was the man in the bunk. He pictured the agony of him, once called Handsome Galbraith, bringing that twisted grimace back to the wife he had loved—the blind rage, born of despair and shame, that heated his blood on finding her faithless as a woman, and as a hero's wife, for the broad chest of Craig Galbraith, famous in the Canadian corps for his trench raids, wore the bronze badge of the elect—the Victoria cross.

If he died, it did not matter; but if he lived? If he lived, he was a hunted man. Cameron would send a party to Seal Cove on hearing from Guthrie of his discovery. The ship and fur would be held for government action. In the meantime what of the man in delirium?

Etienne entered with soup, which Galbraith mechanically swallowed.

"Is the Cree back with the dogs, or did he leave us?"

"No, he come back. I told heem I would follow heem an' cut hees throat if he run away," said Sayannee dryly.

"Etienne, we can't stay here. We'll pick up this 'flu' or something worse. The ship is a morgue. And I won't leave the man who wouldn't leave me."

For a space Guthrie puffed furiously at his pipe. Suddenly he slapped his knee. "I've got it! Listen! His heart is strong, and the fever, as near as I can tell, is not as bad as it might be. It's fifty miles to Elkwan. With the Cree's dogs you can make it by daylight. Well wrapped up and bound, so he can't roll out or hurt himself, he'll make it. It isn't cold and cold air is better than this stinking ship—"

Etienne listened as if he thought Guthrie had suddenly gone mad. "But you? Where you go?" he broke in.

Guthrie smiled. "I'm going to take our dogs to Albany."

"To Albany?"

"Yes! It's my duty to report this to Cameron at once."

"De Cree can go."

"No, you'll need his help. I'll pay him well."

"But," Etienne sensed that something lay behind it all, "we tak' dis man to Elkwan an' de police come—den what?" Etienne also had guessed.

"At Albany," smiled Guthrie, "I'll tell Cameron that you shot yourself accidentally—bad wound. And I am going to bring Miss Quarrier up the coast tomorrow, to nurse you. She knows all about wounds—and I think—she'll come," added Guthrie quietly.

"By gar!" The half-breed stared at his chief in unqualified admiration.

"It's his only chance for life. Here he would die. The place is infested with germs—ought to be burned. You understand? You start as soon as you can. I'm on my way now. I'll be in Elkwan tomorrow night—if she'll come with her medicine kit. And I think she will—for she's a soldier, God bless her!"

After forcing more soup down the throat of the sick man, he was given a stiff drink of whisky, bundled in furs, bound with strips of blanket, and with great difficulty carried to the sled. Fortunately for Guthrie's plan, the delirium had not taken a violent form, for the enormous strength of Galbraith would have baffled them.

With a grip of the hand Guthrie bade his staunch head man good-by, and whistling to Shot, started with his tired team for Albany. Already that day the dogs had done sixty miles and the forty miles before them over the rough sea-ice, even with the light sled, would, if pushed, bring them into Albany, five sore-footed, stiff-legged cripples. So it was not until the sky grayed with the dawn that Guthrie drove up to the tradehouse at Fort Albany, and feeding his tired team, put them in an empty shack where they might sleep through the morning, undisturbed by the hectoring of the post dogs.

Later, walking in on the Camerons at their breakfast, he told of the stalking of the schooner of the dead.

"Well, that's the wildest tale I have heard in forty years on this coast," ejaculated the factor, while his wife and children sat with averted faces.

"Not a soul alive on the ship?"

"Not a soul alive," repeated Garth. "Flu and probably the whisky they carried didn't help any. The schooner reeked with it. Poor devils, they must

have stayed drunk to ease their misery."

"And the fur, two years' trade, did you see it?"

"No, but Etienne said there was a lot of it on board. Then, somehow, in casing his rifle, he shot himself."

"Shot himself?"

"Yes, in the hip. That's why I'm here." Guthrie took the bit in his teeth as his gray eyes squarely met Cameron's. "I'm going to ask Miss Quarrier to come to Elkwan with her medicine kit. She knows wounds—I'm afraid of blood poisoning."

"But, whyever didn't you put him on the sled and bring him here. She can take care of him better at Albany, and then—"

Guthrie shook his head. "He wouldn't come, Cameron. He thinks he's going to die, and wanted to be with his wife and children."

"Oh, but how can you ask that girl to go to Elkwan? She's needed here. Swan'll raise a devil of a row—has already, over your seeing her."

In the narrowing eyes of Guthrie lurked a glint which Cameron recognized. He had seen it before in the look of men, indomitable, desperate. It startled him, made him wonder about the affair between Joan Quarrier and the factor of Elkwan.

"Of course, we don't want anything to happen to Etienne," he temporized, "but why you didn't bring him here is beyond me."

"I've already told you why, Cameron." The gray eyes of the speaker were black, as they bored coldly into those of the kindly Scotsman. Ill at ease, Mrs. Cameron went to the kitchen to digest the startling announcement.

"Yes, I know they always want their family around when they're scared. Well, if she'll go, it's her business. It'll raise a rumpus, though, and I hate to have her—hurt."

Guthrie was on his feet, scowling down at the other. "One minute! Let's go slow here! You're my superior, and I had hoped, my friend, but you're on dangerous ground, Cameron. What do you mean by—hurt?"

"There, there, now, my lad! Keep cool," expostulated the older man. "I'm your friend and I'm proud to be. Now you've brought it up, I've got to talk from the shoulder. You don't realize what that skunk of a Quarrier tattled about you—"

"Oh, I know all about that—that sick child who died at Elkwan—Joan was there. Hasn't she told you?"

"Why, of course! But the rest, here, and at Moose—you know them. Swan has made a row because she wasn't sent to the mission, to die."

"What of it?" snapped Guthrie.

"He says you kept her there against her will."

"Nonsense! She couldn't walk a hundred yards without stopping to rest. She refused to come down the coast to the mission—just faded away."

"Mrs. Cameron and I understand, Guthrie. Etienne and Joan told us. It's this white-troubled missionary who has made the trouble and if Joan goes with you to take care of Etienne, he'll not spare her either—he'll bust with righteous horror—And it'll hurt Joan."

"Will you call your wife?" asked Guthrie, in a tone brittle like the shattering of ice, the muscles of his jaw and temples working under the skin.

"Why, yes!" replied the factor.

"Mary! We want to speak to you."

"Mrs. Cameron," said Garth, quietly, "your husband tells me that it will

Her eyes misted with tears she could not control, the factor's wife grasped the hand of Guthrie with both of hers. "I don't know—she never told me!" she cried, "but I've thought somehow that she thinks a lot of you. I wish you luck!"

So peace was made at Cameron's. (Continued in Friday's issue)

With two new cotton gins under construction and an order placed for the machinery for a third, Steele, in Pemiscot county is assured seven first class gins for the coming cotton season. The three new gins—two of which will be operated by electric power—are of the very latest type, and will cost approximately \$60,000.

Dairy cows should have all the salt they want. The quantity consumed will vary with the kind of feed

and size of the animal. Experiments have shown that ordinary cows in they desire. Stock salt can be purchased in several forms. In cake form, salt may be kept in each feed box in the barn where the animal can lick it, or it may be placed in convenient places in the lot or pasture. It should be in some sheltered place to prevent salt is provided so that the cows can the rain from dissolving it.

TO SOME FOLKS

Eating is just eating.

TO OTHERS

Eating is a pleasure. To these folks we are especially anxious to offer our service

Because We Will Please Them

Japanese Tea Room

Merchants Lunch 11:30 to 1:30

666

is a prescription for

Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue

Billious Fever and Malaria.

It kills the germs.

An electric iron affords the greatest convenience of any household appliance.

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Listen, Everybody!

We want everybody who owns a home, automobile or a radio, or is even contemplating the owning of one or all of the above.

We are putting in one of the most complete battery stations in Southeast Missouri and are able to take care of your every need in battery work or new batteries. We are equipped to rebuild or repair your old battery as well as give you regular service on all of your electrical needs.

We are at the same time soliciting your electrical work, such as house wiring, motor repairing and fan work. We have competent and experienced electricians to place in charge of the work and guarantee satisfaction to you and to the Fire Underwriters of America.

PHONE 409

South Side Battery Station

Matthews Building, Malone Avenue

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HMMEL OIL WELL SHOWS SIGN OF LIFE

Last week, at the depth of 2100 feet, the drillers at the Himmel oil well, pierced the crust of a possibly paying oil strand. A good grade of crude oil was found in the oil bearing strata and Col. Ridenour is satisfied that a paying well will be the reward of his effort. Drilling was stopped to allow insertion of the casing, and when some arrives, this week, the flow of artesian water that has hindered progress lately will be cut off.

The new drillers, under the direction of Col. Ridenour, are fighting an up-hill battle. They are so confident of the result that they have often been without food. They are paying most of their own expenses and if oil is found in any quantities, Sikeston and vicinity will benefit.

Most of the money paid on the drilling expenses came from New Madrid county. Even though Sikeston was badly stung by the first "Big Oil Men", interest should not be allowed to drag.

FINDS \$20,000 DUE ON LIFE INSURANCE POLICY

By what may be termed an accident Mrs. Eddy Phillips of this city will be paid \$20,000 due on a life insurance policy taken out by her husband, the late Murray Phillips, who died in 1919.

Her son, Murray Phillips, who carries a policy with the International Life Insurance Co., of St. Louis, wrote the company recently concerning some matters pertaining to his policy but did not give the policy number. Last Sunday the company in reply to his letter wrote him concerning a policy taken out by Murray Phillips with an Iowa Insurance Co., which was later purchased from the Iowa Company by the International Life Insurance Co., premiums on which had not been paid since 1914 and concluded by stating that the policy was still in effect due to the term of extended insurance applicable to the policy at the time premiums ceased to be paid. Upon receipt of the letter Mr. Phillips realized that the reply was not in reference to his policy and that his father's policy was still in force. A search was then made to locate the policy, which was found in the files at the Gallivan & Finch law office. A claim for payment of the amount due on the policy is now being made, which will be paid as soon as the legal papers can be prepared.—New Madrid Record.

Paris, Mo., owns its own ice plant and sell their product at 40 cents per hundred pounds. Quite some difference between that price and the price paid in Sikeston.

In building a poultry house it is safe to allow about 4 square feet of floor space per bird. The lighter birds, such as Leghorns and Anconas, usually require less floor space than Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Wyandotes.

Among the items printed under the heading of "Forty Years Ago" in the Jackson Cash Book, appears the following: "A couple were married at the courthouse last Tuesday morning. After the ceremony was over the bride climbed into the wagon that brought her and her newly acquired to the city, pulled off her shoes and stockings, placed her feet upon the sea board and trimmed her toenails. As the wagon was standing on the public square, it is unnecessary to state that the fair young wife was the cynosure of many eyes".

After having escaped a sentence of two years in a penal institution by the kind-heartedness of the special trial judge, B. Hugh Smith, who granted him a parole, Leo Fowler stands in imminent risk of having his parole revoked because of not behaving himself. Saturday night there was a dance at Dutchtown, which was attended by a bunch of fellows from Cape Girardeau, who are charged with having been drinking and disturbing the peace. Deputy Constable Probst started to arrest one of the bunch, when others, Leo Fowler and Homer Trickey, came to the aid of their companion, took him from the officer and made their escape. Probst went to the Cape Monday and arrested Trickey and next morning got Fowler out of bed and brought him to jail here. They are to be tried before Justice Grossheider at Gordonville, but the prosecuting attorney will bring Fowler's behavior to the attention of the Circuit Court when it convenes and seek to have the parole declared forfeited.—Jackson Post.

SMOOT RENEWS APPEAL FOR A SPECIAL SESSION

Rapid City, July 21.—Senator Smoot of Utah, one of the administration leaders came to the summer White House today to renew his appeal to President Coolidge for a special session of Congress in the fall.

A recommendation made yesterday by Secretary Hoover that the federal government give immediate relief in the Mississippi flood situation makes a special session imperative in the opinion of Senator Smoot.

In order to give this relief and to get government finances on a better basis, the Utah senator believed the administration would do well to have Congress meet early and pass the deficiency appropriation bill which was lost in the Senate filibuster at the close of the last session. That bill carries a large amount of funds to meet emergency expenses of the government and these funds, he thinks, would be needed if immediate relief was to be extended to the flood area.

Senator Smoot, who is chairman of the Senate finance committee, which is preparing to take up a tax reduction bill next session, reiterated that the prospective tax slash would be held to \$300,000,000. He suggested, however, to the president that the reduction be made to apply on this year's incomes. If the cut does apply on this year's incomes, he pointed out that it would be necessary to have the tax bill enacted before March 15, when the first installment of taxes for this year fall due.

The corporation tax should receive first consideration, the Utah senator declared, and he proposed that it be cut from 13 1-2 per cent to 12 per cent which would consume \$150,000,000 of the prospective \$300,000,000 reduction.

Repeal of the remaining nuisance levy, including those of theatre admissions and club dues also is favored by Senator Smoot. He is opposed to wiping out entirely a tax on automobiles and cars which was cut from five to three per cent last session, but he would reduce this tax to at least one and a half per cent.

"While our surplus for the last

fiscal year was \$562,000,000, he said, "we must remember that many items went to make up this surplus that will not be available next year. There is a great volume of business but the profits are small and I am not going to sanction a bill which will leave us in a hole. The total cut should be held to \$300,000,000".

The Utah senator favors some reduction in the tax rate applying on incomes between \$15,000 and \$60,000 but he thinks the regular normal incomes rates are about right.

The Herald is in receipt of a letter from Felix N. LeSieur advising us he is a patient in the Missouri State Sanitarium at Mount Vernon, having contracted tuberculosis. He thinks, however, it is an arrestable case, and asks that his paper be sent him there. Felix has many friends in Hayti who hope he will have a speedy recovery.—Hayti Herald.

Hardin Montgomery, aged 78, one of the oldest printers and newspaper men in Southeast Missouri, died at a hospital in Poplar Bluff Thursday afternoon. He has been a printer since 18 years of age and has owned newspapers in Poplar Bluff, Kennett, New Madrid and other places. He was known as a "Missouri River pirate printer" in the early 80's. Montgomery and a stepson, Lawrence Byrnes, have owned a printing establishment in Poplar Bluff since 1901.

The people of Scott and the western part of New Madrid county have started a campaign to have the location of highway No. 61 changed so as to run from the end of the present concrete south of Cape Girardeau via Chaffee, Oran, Vanduser, Morehouse towards Portageville, and as a basis for this agitation they say that it would be foolish to tear up a good road, built by county bond money, when the paved road could be built through a different section and give more people the benefits of highways. There is a lot of merit to such an argument, but while it was known that the location from Cape Girardeau to Sikeston might be subject to change, yet few thought there would be a likelihood of the highway missing Sikeston.—Jackson Post.

SUIT TO CONDEMN LAND FOR CAIRO BRIDGE APPROACH

Cairo, Ill., July 22.—Suit to condemn 25 acres of land owned by Egbert A. Smith for right of way for the Illinois approach of the Cairo-Missouri highway bridge across the Mississippi River will come up for hearing in the Alexander County Court before Judge D. T. Hartwell of Marion August 2 it was announced today.

A petition asking for a hearing in vacation was presented to Judge Hartwell at Marion yesterday afternoon by attorneys for the Cairo Bridge & Terminal Co., Reed Green and David S. Lansden, and later the papers were filed in Circuit Clerk John M. Dewey's office.

Today Dewey was preparing a list of 64 freeholders or disinterested persons who will be summoned for jury duty and from whom the required 12 jurors to try the case will be selected.

The law provides that when a jury fixes the value of the land and damages due to the owner, that the company seeking its condemnation can furnish bond to the court and immediately take possession. Litigation can go on but the company cannot be delayed in its work of construction.

The condemnation suit was brought when Smith refused to sell the 25 acres of land for less than \$150,000. A crew of 50 men already is engaged in preliminary work on the bridge.

Twenty barges to be used in sinking the piers are under construction. A material depot has been established at Birds Point, near the Missouri end of the bridge. The main construction work will start as soon as the condemnation suit is tried.

We have been wondering whether or not we have a single "leading citizen" among the readers out of the 687 who take The Standard in Sikeston. Such things sometimes cause people to lie awake at night and ponder. However, The Standard editor has found the nights too good to sleep to even worry over the subject.

IT OCCURRED TO ME

How many gas stations do you suppose there are along Highway 61 between Sikeston and St. Louis.

If the grass is trimmed along the edges of the walks you would be surprised how it helps appearances.

At the dance Monday night, July 18th, at the fair grounds, two people rode a horse. They were not members of the Club.

A good gag in a recent magazine. "The last word in automobiles, 'I'll walk'".

Breakfast is not one bit better when you discover that your neighbor's dog has chewed up the morning paper.

If you want an easy job, try counting the passengers on the east bound Missouri Pacific any morning.

What good is that trash can near the truck stand on Front street. Think of what we miss because the bus people do not name their busses like the Pullman Company does.

Ever notice that black and white striped band on the left sleeve of the Landon Bobbie? That is the duty badge and is worn only when the cop is on post. Do you know where the name "Bobbie" originated? "Ask me another".

What superior knowledge and ideas the publicity men put into the heads of the movie stars. Ever read any of their views on just any subjects? After all, I suppose there is lots of room in some cases for ideas to be put into their heads. Right you are. I read 'em.

How long will a flivver run and retain its identity?

This is the open season for the collection of Pullman towels.

Ever notice how much dust is allowed to collect around a safe. Cobwebs too, seem to thrive in such a place. Wonder why safes are not dusted when the shelves and counters are cleaned. Ask the man who owns one.

Does your neighbor mow his yard over a little into your's or does he go just to the line? Which do you do?

Hang up the ice card and tell the man to leave another book.

The height of folly: Sweep out the

coal bind just before a load is shoveled in.

Well, I just had eight tons delivered.

SIKESTON WINS GOLF TOURNEY, SUNDAY

Sikeston won the golf tournament held on the Sikeston course, Sunday afternoon from Charleston, with a score of 148 to 82.

Howard Morrison, one of the best amateur golfers in Southeast Missouri, was the low score man for the day, he made the 18 holes in 75 strokes.

Coleman and Kirk made the next lowest score or a 76 for the 18 holes, Scott made it in 78.

In the match play, every hole won counted a point. The score for each match was:

Blanton 90 to Coon 96; Coleman 76 to Heams 82; McClure 87 to Crowe 101; Stallcup 85 to Byrd 87; Byron Bowman 84 to Teal 84; Arthur 85 to Brewer 86; Limbaugh 86 to Heams 91; Jack Bowman 84 to Noland 84; Green 85 to Lovelace 95; Morrison 75 to Jenkins 85; Phillips 86 to Stewart 103; Ned Matthews 102 to G. Noland 99; Lee Bowman 85 to Whitt 104; Taylor 89 to Jordan 97; Buddy Matthews 91 to Wise 96; Conran 83 to McDowell 90; Scott 78 to Kirk 76.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

The regular August examination for teachers will be held in the public school building at Benton on Friday and Saturday, August 5 and 6.

J. H. Goodin, County School Supt.

J. N. Sheppard and little grandson, Ray Allen Moll, were Charleston visitors, Monday.

J. L. Arnold, a former citizen and merchant of this city, will return to Lilbourn to make his home and will again resume the mercantile business in his store building now being vacated by the Keith and Stephens store. Mr. Arnold moved to Sikeston several years ago, where he has been engaged in the mercantile business, but prefers to return to Lilbourn, where he has always had a good trade.—New Madrid Record.

MISSOURI INDUSTRIAL REVIEW NEWS

Pineville—Roller Mills installs much modern equipment.

Fair Play—Good iron ore in quantities found here.

Humansville—Cheese factory here will double its present output.

Branson—New 5-ton Caterpillar tractor and Adams grader purchased for use on roads in this section.

Kahoko—Three carloads of livestock shipped from here recently.

Norborne—Highway No. 10 to be oiled east of city limits.

Trenton—Wool being shipped from this vicinity.

Trenton—Shankin Building on Main street being repainted.

Edina—Eight cars of livestock shipped from Edina recently.

Licking—Work started on construction of highway 32 from Licking to Salem.

Aberdeen—Road from Aberdeen to Edgewood being graded and graveled.

Pierce City—Lark Park being improved.

Kennett—Construction to commence soon on new Palace Theatre here.

Jefferson City—New airfield to be established in this city.

Cassville—Highway 44 to be graveled between Cassville and Wheaton.

Butler—New Arnold Bottling Wks. established on Dakota Street.

Mexico—Contract let for construction of state highway 22 from Mexico to Laddonia.

Mansfield—Frisco railroad to erect new railroad station here.

Trenton—Contract let for construction of sanitary sewer system in district No. 12 in north part of Trenton.

Carrollton—Carrollton Laundry installs new handkerchief ironer.

Marshfield—Contract let for paving Main street.

Wyaconda—Several streets of town to be oiled.

Shelbyville—A. M. Priest drug store recently destroyed by fire being rebuilt.

Versailles—Scotia Telephone Company to place all overhead wires underground.

Powersville—Municipal power plant sold to private corporation.

Weston—Wheat being harvested in this section.

Weosho—Louis Maull canning plant opens for season here.

Sarcozie—New road to be constructed from Sarcozie to Pierce City.

Bethany—Chamber of Commerce making survey of this town.

Jefferson City—Gas Service Company to handle gas business in this city.

Union—Streets of town to be oiled.

Farmington—Bids requested for construction of new theatre here.

Hannibal—La Grange College may be moved to this city.

Palmyra—Wheat harvest under way in Marion county.

Kennett—Pet Milk Company may establish condensery in this town.

Fayette—Cornerstone laid for men's new dormitory building on Central College campus here.

Bonne Terre—Plant of Purity Dairy in Bonne Terre opened here recently.

Cassville—Improvements and extension to be made to waterworks system.

New Cambria—Work progressing on construction of new schoolhouse.

Salisbury—Plans under way for construction of road from Salisbury to New Cambria.

West Plains—West Plains Condensery of Ozark Dairy Products Company completes installation of modern powdered milk unit.

De Soto—First Baptist Church to erect new Sunday school building on 4th Street.

St. Francisville—New bridge to be built across Des Moines River at St. Francisville.

Iron Mountain—Bids requested for construction of new schoolhouse in Iron Mountain.

Cape Girardeau—Bank of Southeast Missouri of Cape Girardeau granted charter.

Kennett—New public library contemplated for construction in this town.

Lee's Summit—Contract let for remodeling Missouri Public Service Company's office here.

Carthage—Ash & McCormick building being remodeled and improved at cost of \$8000.

Mrs. Beryl Wells Boardman of Carthage, who was called to this city on account of the death of Rev. Thomas Boardman, was the guest of Mrs. Emma Boardman and other relatives and friends, returned to her home last Sunday.

FOR RENT—5-room house. Phone 35.

—Mrs. John E. Marshall, tf.

THURSDAY MORNING WILL LAUNCH THE GREATEST

Society Brand Clothing Sale

THIS STORE HAS
EVER HELD

SEE OUR WINDOWS, CIRCULARS
AND ADVERTISEMENT IN
THURSDAY'S PAPER

THE BUCKNER RAGSDALE CO

SIKESTON STANDARD

C. L. BLANTON, EDITOR

ISSUED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
AT SIKESTON, MISSOURIEntered at the Postoffice at Sikeston,
Scott County, Missouri, as second-
class mail matter, according to act
of Congress.

Rates:
Display advertising, per single
column inch, net.....25c
Reading notices, per line.....10c
Bank statements.....\$10.00
Probate notices, minimum.....\$ 5.00
Yearly subscription in Scott and
the adjoining counties.....\$ 1.50
Yearly subscription elsewhere in the
United States.....\$ 2.00

The Standard wonders just who
are the "many leading citizens" who
always come to the rescue of the
Weak Sister with commendations. In
the past the Weak Sister has floated
along the way the wind blows the
straws, but now "many leading citi-
zens" seem to guide his pencil. It has
been the policy of The Standard to
express the editor's opinion in the
editorial columns about the things
that cross our vision whether it pleas-
ed the "Leading Citizens" or the
Leading Bootleggers. They all look
alike when it comes to public criti-
cism. Our story as originally print-
ed was the truth and stands unan-
swered.

There are just a number of things
the editor of The Standard and the
editor of The Herald agree on, or we
think so. That there was entirely
too much rain in the early spring;
that the past few nights have been
mighty good for sleeping; that each
of us could handle more business if
it would come our way; that our cre-
ditors have kept off us thus far; that
it takes a heap of food to feed a big
family; that we do not believe every-
thing we hear; that there are some
good traits in most everyone, if you
could only find them; that the sewer
proposition was badly beaten, and
perhaps other things too numerous
to mention.

It was thoughtful of the Missouri
Utilities Company to put a drop into
the home of a man on Lake Street
who was ill with typhoid fever. Not
only did they put in the light, but
they furnished an electric fan and
furnished the current all for suffer-
ing humanity. Next time you blow
up over some imaginary something
about this corporation, remember the
kindly things they do when it is most
needed.

"Editors needed who will tell the
truth", is the message given to edi-
tors at the North Carolina Press As-
sociation in session at Morehead City,
by Julian Harris, editor of the Colum-
bus, Ga., Enquirer. The Standard edi-
tor has been following the above ad-
vice every since he became associated
with the paper. It may not always
be politic to tell the truth, but we
have always aimed to tell it just the
same.

The Standard issued 16 pages the
past week containing 112 columns of
advertising and reading matter or a
total of 2240 inches of which 918 in-
ches were paid advertising. Our com-
petitor carried 8 pages of 48 col-
umns, or 960 inches, of which 446
inches were paid advertising. The
Standard likewise had 260 inches of
boiler plate to their none!

Sikeston is a splendid location for
a real eye specialist. One who is a
graduate of a medical college, and
not a spectacle fitter. It is now nec-
essary to go to either Cape Girardeau
or Poplar Bluff for attention of this
sort. A young man of good ap-
pearance and good standing would do
well here. A crap shooter and a
booze fighter would not.

We are undecided at this time to
say whether or not the Black Bottom
dancer had on too many clothes or too
few. It depends a good deal on
whether you were looking for naked-
ness or art. Our wife being with us,
we cannot safely say!

Some folks are curious in many
ways. It is hard to get any married
woman in Sikeston to acknowledge
that she was present Friday evening
to see the Black Bottom. Most all
of the men were willing to see more
of it!

As proof that hard times are actu-
ally upon some communities we are
told that more married men are now
sleeping at home than for years!

The man who will not stand for his
own when given a dirty deal, is not
worth the powder that would blow
him to hades.

Well, well, well. The Indians have
given a name to President Coolidge
that in English means "Leading
Eagle". He doubtless looked so fierce
to them with his big hat and sheep-
skin breeches that they hooked the
name to him. Wonder what the
eagles think about it!

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL
CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE

Washington, D. C., July 16.—Presi-
dent Coolidge's "fishing expedition"
to the Black Hills has failed in its
obvious purpose, which was to allay
the resentment of the agricultural
west toward the President and his
administration for their opposition to
equal opportunity for agriculture. It
is a matter of comment that with the
exception of members of Congress
from South Dakota, not a single vis-
itor to the President's lodge in the
Black Hills has been from the ranks
of the leaders of agriculture. Mem-
bers of Congress from South Dakota
who have visited the President did so,
of course, out of courtesy, being
somewhat in the position of hosts.

Meanwhile, the Northwest Farm
Conference, held at St. Paul this week,
adopted resolutions changing the Re-
publican administration with bad
faith, and declaring that the fight for
equality for agriculture would be car-
ried on with renewed earnestness,
and if defeated in the next Congress
through another veto by Mr. Coolidge,
would be made one of the paramount
issues of the Presidential campaign
next year.

The St. Paul conference resolu-
tions asserted that President Cool-
idge's veto of the farm bill was a
clear repudiation of the Republican
platform pledge on which he was
elected, and his veto message was a
"tissue of conflicting arguments".
They recited that industry, referring
of course to what is generally called
"big business", is enjoying prosper-
ity due to many laws enacted giving
them artificial protection, while an
entirely different situation exists with
reference to agriculture. As evidence
of the way in which agriculture has
suffered from governmental favorit-
ism, attention is invited to the fact
that farm values have declined twenty
billions of dollars during the last
six years, all under Republican ad-
ministration. The conference called
upon farm workers and their friends
to support at the polls only those can-
didates who have shown a desire to
aid the farmers in attaining their
legislative objective. That of course,
precludes the support by the farmers
of President Coolidge and Republican
administration leaders generally who
opposed farm relief in any form that
was acceptable to the farmer organi-
zations.

The St. Paul conference was non-
partisan. Speakers included Senators
Barkley of Kentucky, and Caraway
of Arkansas, Democrats, Representa-
tive Dickinson of Iowa, Republican,
and many other members of Congress
from the middlewest and northwest.

Washington, July 16.—President
Coolidge is being widely criticized for
his refusal to convene Congress in
extra session to relieve the serious
plight of hundreds of thousands of
people in the Mississippi valley, as a
result of the recent terrible flood. The
more light that is thrown on the
plight of people in the Mississippi val-
ley, the more severe this criticism
becomes.

This plight is pictured by J. M.
Barham, a banker at Marksville, La.,
in an interview with a newspaper cor-
respondent who has been touring the
flood area. Mr. Barham was asked
what the destitute flood victims are
going to do next winter. "I don't
know", he answered. "However, un-
less something is done, they will be
face to face with starvation. Mr.
Hoover has done all he could, but he
is a lone eagle as far as the govern-
ment at Washington is concerned. I
am not talking of flood control, for I
think we will have enough friends in
Congress to force that even though
Mr. Tilson (Republican House floor
leader) after leaving Mr. Coolidge,
said flood control was secondary in
importance to tax reduction. I don't
know whether Mr. Coolidge is inter-
ested in these flood victims or not. I
don't recall reading where he has said
a word about them since he went to
Rapid City, although I have read
about his conferences on taxes, the
Philippines and Mexico. This thing
is too big for any State or parish gov-
ernment to handle. In this parish
alone, there are 25,000 people facing
destitution, and that is more than half
our population. Last year we made
40,000 bales of cotton. This year we
will be lucky to make 5000. I have
been told Red Cross funds are run-
ning low and that all relief will be
shortly withdrawn from all persons
who own property. If that is so,
God help those unfortunate people
who hold title to a wrecked farmhouse
and a barren field."

THIS WEEK IN MO. HISTORY

Floyd C. Shoemaker

When the news of William Marion
Reedy's death, on July 28, 1920, reach-
ed St. Louis a pall settled over that
city where the great literary critic
was born, reared and educated, and
where his life had been spent, for in
that city many loved and none hated
him. There "millionaires were his
friends, but he fought for the under-
dog; bankers were his cronies but he
battled for the rights of man". Small
wonder that charwoman and financier
mourned his loss.

Reedy was all his life engaged in
journalistic work. He came up from
the ranks as a cub reporter on the old
Republican in 1880 to editor of
Reedy's Mirror in 1896. The Mirror
was known widely for its sprightli-
ness, its protests, and its literary mer-
it. It was the best edited and most
widely read weekly west of the Alle-
ghenies. All the brilliant men and
women of the central west sought the
friendship of its editor and all the
politicians feared his pen.

Reedy has been called "the king of
newspaper free lances who was born
a free lance, lived a free lance and
died a free lance".

He possessed that greatest of all
characteristics—a love for humanity.
No philanthropist with his millions
ever dispensed more helpfulness than
this man without wealth.

Perhaps his greatest service was
the encouragement and advice so
freely offered to struggling writers.
His eyes were burned out in reading
countless manuscripts, many of them
worthless, but he considered himself
amply repaid in being able to help
such artists as Zoe Akins, Edgar Lee
Masters, Sara Teasdale, Dreiser, Ben-
et, Starrett, Utermeyer, Amy Lowell,
Sandburg and a score of others.

Charles J. Finger, intimate friend
and associate, describes Reedy as "a
robust looking man, tall, square
shouldered. Nature had wrought
well, and a sound mind was in a big
body. Sanguine he was and ardent,
a tree that had grown full straight,
and in which, in its days of freshness,
the sap flowed vigorously. Insistent
was the flesh and the blood of him
that compelled him even as it com-
pels you and me. Such a nature may
be in youth what less gifted souls
call imprudent, extravagant. But
such natures are also loyal, and gen-
erous, and affectionate. They have a
superfluity. They give of their spir-
itual wealth. They love."

His philosophy of life was most
happy: "Live your lives to the full,
for life is fleeting. Love with full
hearts, for hearts must die."

His sane, sweet attitude toward
death he expressed in these words:
"By my truth, I care not; a man can
die but once; we owe God a death. I'll
ne'er bear a base mind; an't be my
destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's
too good to serve's prince; and let
it go which way it will, he that dies
this year is quit for the next."

There has never been but one Bill
Reedy; there will never be another
Bill Reedy. "Great minds around,
great souls are rare". He stands
among Missouri's literary immortals.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Joseph Bush to Grace Parker, land
6-26-15, \$1.

Central States Life Insurance Co.
to W. I. Watson, 200 acres, 13-27-15,
\$1.

Jacob Diebold to Andrew Bucher,
land 2-28-13, \$500.

W. H. Heiserer to First State
Bank of Farnett, land 27-28-14, \$2-
400.

W. E. West to Metropolitan Life
Insurance Co., 160 acres 19-28-15, \$1.
S. B. Hunter to Ralph Wammack,
893.25 acres 1-26-13, \$1.

Ralph Wammack to S. B. Hunter
and Mary Moore, 893.14 acres 1-26-13,
\$1.

W. H. Tanner to T. A. Slack, lot 14
block 7 Chamber of Commerce addi-
tion Sikeston, \$125.

T. E. Evans to C. M. Parsons, lots
3, 4 Murphy & Wall addition, Illmo,
\$1.

C. M. Parsons to E. L. Drumm, ½
interest lots 3, 4 Murphy & Wall ad-
dition Illmo, \$1.

J. H. Beisswingert to Aloys Heis-
serer, 40 acres 9-29-14, \$4500.

Chas. Will Sr. to Eliza Meneese, lot
5 block 3 Knob Hill addition Farnett,
\$1.

O. H. Anderson to Walker-Whip-
pet Incorporated, lot 133, part lot 12
block 5 Sikeston, \$8000.

C. E. Clark to J. R. Franck, lots 1,
2 block 39 Chaffee, \$2500.

J. A. Manning and L. A. Cunning-
ham to J. H. Boardman, ½ interest
lot 5 block 15 North Illmo addition
Farnett, \$500.

Bert McAdams to S. F. Maxwell,
lot 15 block 43 Chaffee, \$2600.

R. G. Applegate to S. G. Smith,
20,827 acres 32-26-14, \$1.

Ora McCrites to Martha Arnold, lot
3 Sillman & Co. addition Commerce,
\$375.

G. C. Bean, Frank Bean, Gertrude
Bean and Flora Boyd to E. H. Moore,
lots 1-8 block 2 Pellett 2nd addition
Illmo, \$1200.

E. L. Welter to Ella Welter, lot 4

BUICK

for
1928

Now on display
at
all Buick dealers

PHONE 433

Taylor Auto Co.

SIKESTON, MO.

For the 24th year Buick has again fulfilled this promise:
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM.

block 10 Kelso, \$1.

Charley Bowman to Chas. O. Scott,
part lots 6, 7 block 2 Greer addition
Sikeston, \$1.

Matt Thomas to Ben Blattle, land
in Kelso, \$200.

W. D. McCrite to Frank Lowry, lot
3 Sillman & Co. addition Commerce,
\$50.

Frank Lowry to Mrs. Ora McCrite,
lot 3 Sillman & Co. addition Com-
merce, \$300.

Earl Dare to Fronia Davey, part
outblock 9 Sikeston, \$1625.

H. L. Smith to T. A. Slack, lots 5,
6 block 3 Parkland addition Sike-
ston, \$350.

John and Louis Dohogne to Mrs. I.
N. Bowman, lots 10, 11 block 5 Do-
hogne addition Farnett, \$1.

Mrs. I. N. Bowman to Rebecca Lin-
coln, lots 10-12 block 5 Dohogne 2nd
addition Farnett, \$1.

M. Q. Tanner to Ella Shuppert, lot
9 and part lot 10 block 3 High School
addition Sikeston, \$425.

M. J. Myrick to Amos Riley, lots
9, 10 block 7 McCoy-Tanner 2nd addi-
tion Sikeston, \$1.

L. D. oMore to Maude Moore, lots 3,
4 block 33 McCoy-Tanner 7th addition
Sikeston, \$1.

George J. Arnold to Mike Bucher,
land 23-29-13, \$1600.

Aulton Cravens to C. L. Gipson, lot
4 block 1 Sikes 3rd addition Sikeston,
\$1.—Benton Democrat.

Whipped cream is not only a pleas-
antly luxurious addition to a dessert,
but a food in itself. It is not needed
after a rich, hearty dinner, but is ap-
petizing and suitable after the lighter
type of meals served in summer time.

A few days ago the Post man had
all opportunity to see how far work
had progressed on the Cape Girardeau
river bridge, and considering that
since early spring work had been sus-
pended on account of high water,
much progress has been made. The
incline on this side, from the ground
to the first pier, is finished, as is an-
other pier closer to the river. Out in
the river a caisson was being placed
in position to be lowered to the bot-
tom of the river. The men working
inside of the caisson, far below the
water's surface, where they spread
the concrete with a powerful air
pump, have a job which no one should
envy. On the Illinois side also much
work has been done. If no more high
water interferes, it might be possible
that vehicles will cross the river next
year without the use of a ferry boat.
—Jackson Post.

In a good many parts of the coun-
ty, cotton fabrics can be worn to ad-
vantage until late in the fall. Colors
grow darker as the season advances,
and materials somewhat heavier, but
as cotton garments can be laundered
easily and are inexpensive they re-
main popular.

Is your kitchen sink the right
height? If you find yourself stoop-

ing over it, and cannot change its
position, put a block of wood under
the dishpan. Blocks of wood under
the legs of the kitchen table, too, will
eliminate some of the backache that
comes from working at too low a sur-
face.

Altamont—Work started paving
route 65 from Altamont eastward to
Gray Summit.

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BENTON - MISSOURICompiles Abstracts of Title to Lands
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to prepare material, but your local printer will
help you. Our distribution service is free and we
will help you by furnishing samples of what other
towns are preparing. And don't forget the Mis-
souri Picture Gallery. It's going to be a knock-
out this year. There is surely something of
interest in your community that should be
featured in this gallery.

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PHONE 547

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SKESTON STANDARD

C. L. BLANTON, EDITOR

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class mail matter, according to act
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Display advertising, per single col-
umn inch, net.....25c
Reading notices, per line.....10c
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Probate notices, minimum.....\$ 5.00
Yearly subscription in Scott and the
adjoining counties.....\$ 1.50
Yearly subscription elsewhere in the
United States.....\$ 2.00

We have been asked to pass on the
vaudeville show that was presented
as an added attraction at the Malone
Theatre last Friday evening. Those
taking part asked to have copies of
the papers sent them that they might
see themselves as others see them.
Well, there was a packed house that
evening and when the curtain raised
for the vaudeville out stepped a little
man with a few dry remarks that he
thought were funny, but tickled none
of the audience. In his way, he told
where all they had been and what a
fine trio they were, except for bad
colds. Then he introduced Cora Walsh,
who played the accordion in a very
satisfactory way and pulled a cracked
voice through a heavily painted
face. Then Happy Jo Jo Manning
tried to be funny in a way that was

very tiring to most of the audience.
Rose Claverie was the real piece de
resistance. She had on a skimpy
piece of thin black goods around the
supper part of her chest—close up under
her arms, and a big black silk
handkerchief, as a breech cloth, and
nothing more. When she jumped out
in the floor all spraddled out and gave
a few wiggles, the hush among the
grandmas was painful with some of
them gasping, "Oh, my Lord". The
grandpas were paralyzed. She was
young, lean, lithe and lonesome, and
every married man present was afraid
to say it was a good show and that
she exhibited rare interpretations of
the terpsichorean art. We tried it and
was frozen. It was rather advanced
for the kerosene circuit, and most of
those present would have preferred
the lights turned low when they
emerged from the honk-a-tonk. Some
way or other, less art and more cloth-
es usually appeals to the public and
leaves no blushes.

The meeting at New Madrid of
those who are interested in seeing the
north and south highway follow the
ridge survey, should call out a large
per cent of the people from the sec-
tions affected. The meeting will be
held Tuesday evening, July 26, at the
court house. It is time now to act if
the road is to follow the general route
now traversed. Skeston will have
a good delegation present.

Ed Crowe was in Skeston, Sunday,
just as fleetly as ever.

A FRIEND AT COURT

Ever since his first visit to the
flood-stricken sections of the Mis-
sissippi Valley it has been increas-
ingly apparent that Secretary Hoover
would be a friend at court of the
states that are compelled every few
years to bear the heavy burden of
half the nation. He had not been in
the area being devastated by waters
rushing down from more than 30 of
the 48 states when he announced that
the control of this recurring menace
was the plain duty of the whole na-
tion. Secretary Hoover saw thou-
sands of homes ruined, millions of
acres of fertile soil inundated and pre-
vented from furnishing the sustain-
ing fruits of life, 600,000 people im-
poverished by the loss of all they
possessed and made charges upon the
nation, and he realized that, since
these and innumerable other suffer-
ings had been imposed by half of the
nation upon a small part of it, it was
a solemn obligation on the whole na-
tion to prevent a recurrence.

Since the waters of the flood began
to recede, Secretary Hoover has got-
ten an even clearer outline of the
colossal and urgently imperative na-
ture of the problem. He gave his
idea to President Coolidge at a con-
ference in Black Hills Tuesday and he
insisted that certain assistance by
the government must be immediate.
In the first place the government
must close the gaps in the levees by
fall. No aid can be expected from
the states affected because they have
suffered too much. Then, Congress
must help in paying interest charges
and amortization for the holders of
levee bonds in the sections where the
floods have prevented the planting of
crops. And finally some provision
must be made for those who will be
unable to grow a crop.

Whether or not an extra session is
called, the sufferers from the dis-
astrous inundation must live. Their
lives cannot be the pawns of politi-
cal whims. Neither can future pro-
tection be put off to suit the conven-
ience of politicians. Safeguarding
the overflowed sections by repairing
the levee gaps and by helping them
to carry the financial obligations of
former levee work must be done at
once. These things are immediately
urgent and it is well for the flood suf-
ferers that they have a friend who
understands their needs and is willing
to fight to supply them.

The matter of formulating a com-
plete flood control policy can well
wait on the report of the army en-
gineers. But there should be no un-
necessary delay even in that, because
there is no guarantee that another
and even larger flood will not sweep
down the valley next spring. That final
flood control decision, however,
must require deliberation. But there
needs no discussion over the neces-
sity for the flood victims to continue to
exist, or for the affected regions to be
guaranteed against failure on their
obligations.

These things must be done and
must be done at once. It will require
the influence and power of a potent
national figure to beat down political
preferences and sectional indifference.
And it seems that Secretary Hoover
is honestly and earnestly determined
to be that figure. We hope in confi-
dence that he will succeed.—Commer-
cial Appeal.

GRANT'S MISSISSIPPI FLOOD

It was sixty-four years ago that
10,000 of Gen. U. S. Grant's soldiers
were ordered one morning to blow up
the Mississippi River levee and make
an inland sea of the whole region
above Vicksburg. Vicksburg was the
Gibraltar of the Mississippi River, for
no place in America was fortified as
it was, yet its capture was a neces-
sity to the federal cause. It occurred
to General Grant to try and get an
army behind Vicksburg by water
when the Mississippi was in flood, and
he decided to cut the levee and turn
the whole region for 100 miles into
an ocean deep enough to float 100
ships.

On February 24, 1863, a fleet of seven
gunboats and seventeen steamers,
each carrying 1000 soldiers, assembled
at the great cut above Helena. At
the firing of a gun each boat in its
turn was to make its dash down the
descent in a whirlpool of waters. Never
before had such a sight been seen.
The thousands of soldiers were cheer-
ed while their boats were being swirl-
ed about like straws. The pilots lost
all control of their steamers. Then
came the unique scene of a whole fleet
sailing over fields and plantations and
through forests for days. At night the
fleet tied up to forest trees. For
days they sailed around that unchar-
tered sea. Suddenly there was a halt
near the Yababusha River. The Con-
federates had built a great fort and
the ships were welcomed by a blast
of cannon. Furthermore, the Missis-
sippi was beginning to recede. Four
days more and the whole fleet would
have been stranded in the cotton
fields. By rapid steaming they got
back into the river in time to save
the ships.—K. C. Star.

THOSE 1928 BUICKS

The effortless surge of power which
enables Buick for 1928 to idle along
in barely perceptible motion, or to
flash away like an arrow, is acclaimed
by those who have driven the new car
as one of its most amazing features.

The power plant responsible for this
dazzling performance is the famous
Buick six-cylinder valve-in-head en-
gine, whose vibrationless operation
was the most discussed engineering
advance in the automotive industry
the past season. This famous engine
is carried to new heights of power
and smoothness in Buick for 1928. Al-
ready incomparably quiet, it now un-
leashes a flow of silent, irresistible
power which makes a ride in the new
Buick a sensational experience. Get-
away second to none, and the ability
to reach and maintain breathtaking
speeds without effort, characterize the
new car. Incredible mastery over
time and space are standard equip-
ment with every one of the 16 new
Buicks.

The Buick engine is in the main
the same power plant which made so
many thousands of Buick friends last
year. As in the 1927 car, the count-
erweighted crankshaft and torsion
balancer absorb all vibration, nipping
the troublesome problem before it
has a chance to develop. Buick has
eliminated the difficulty at its source,
instead of the usual practice of tying
down vibration with extra bearings.
Buick engineers acted on the knowl-
edge that vibration, once set up,
could not be checked. They went
away back to fundamentals, and de-
signed a Buick crankshaft to elimi-
nate vibration by neutralizing it as it
develops.

The vacuum ventilated crankcase,
oil filter, air cleaner, and thermostat-
ic water control all are continued in
Buick for 1928. Such longer-es-
tablished principles as the sealed chassis
and torque-tube drive of course re-
main. There are, besides, several
engine improvements which result in
a substantial increase of power, as
well as in a new silence of operation.

Chief among these improvements is
the new Buick cylinder head, worked
out in light of long study of the
problem of internal combustion. The
head is of the spherical type, and it
gives higher compression, with less
detonation, which means that a great-
er portion of the fuel is transformed
into useful power. Buick engineers,
however, have avoided placing Buick
owners in the plight of the racing
driver, whose high compression, small
displacement engine will operate only
on special and costly fuels. The Buick
engine is adaptable to any fuel, and
will give a brilliant account of itself
on any.

The new cylinder head has better
provision for cooling valves, which
means that the valves seat more
tightly, and that power is thus con-
served. The entire exhaust system,
from the exhaust ports through the
manifold, pipes and muffler, is en-
larged to eliminate back pressure and in-
crease power.

A more easily operated, and more
silent, valve system is a feature of
Buick for 1928. The valve-operating
mechanism, including valve springs,
has less inertia to be overcome by the
crankshaft. This member, too, has
been redesigned to give a greater
area of valve opening and better co-
ordination of valve action.

Closely allied to the engine is the
starting, lighting and ignition sys-
tem, which has undergone several
improvements. The gear ratio be-
tween starter motor and flywheel is
greater, to improve winter cranking,
and there is a thermostatic output
control on the generator, to regulate
automatically the charging rate, for
winter and summer.

The result of these engine improve-
ments is a substantial betterment of
Buick performance. The driver of
the 1928 models will find a new re-
serve of power at car speeds ranging
from five to thirty miles an hour,
which means that his Buick will man-
euver readily in traffic, accelerate
very rapidly and to exceptionally high
speeds, and show surprising eager-
ness on the hills. The car will re-
spond to its owner's every whim.
Whether it be the alternate creeping
and darting of congested city travel,
or the romping gait of the open coun-
try that is desired, Buick reflects the
driver's mood as no other car ever
has done before.

PHONE 433

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ing installed in Mt. Vernon.

Thirty different diseases are trans-
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in three ways. By contact, vomit
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BIRGER GIVEN DEATH; VERDICT HARD BLOW TO GANGS IN ILLINOIS

Benton, Ill., July 24.—Machine gun terrorization of Southern Illinois was dealt what was considered its death blow today, when a jury of 12 men decided to send Charlie Birger, gunman chief, to the gallows and Art Newman and Ray Hyland, two of the henchmen, to the state prison, for life.

Birger and Newman were convicted of plotting the murder of Mayor Joe Adams of West City last December. Hyland, according to the testimony, drove Harry Thomasson, 19, and his younger brother, Elmo, now dead, to Adams' front door where they shot and killed him. Thomasson pleaded guilty, was sentenced to life imprisonment and was the state's star witness against Birger, Newman and Hyland.

As the fateful words that sealed his doom were read in court today, Birger remained the stoical man of iron that he was during the bloody reign of his machine gun in Southern Illinois.

"We, the jury, find the defendant, Charlie Birger, guilty of murder, in manner and form as charged, and we fix his punishment at death," boomed the voice of Judge Miller.

The decision of the jurors means that Birger must hang, for the law recently passed by the Legislature, which provides for death in the electric chair for murderers in Illinois, specifically states that it is effective only in cases of murder committed after July 1, 1927.

Birger sat steady as a rock. A moment of tense silence followed the reading of the verdict. Then, suddenly, the gangster's sister, Mrs. Ray Shamsky, of St. Louis, moaned out in the audience, and Birger shook off the sympathetic hand that his chief counsel, R. E. Smith, had laid on his shoulder.

"Go to my sister," Birger whispered, "to my sis'."

The jury returned its verdict this afternoon following 22 hours of deliberations.

After the verdict had been read the prisoners returned to the county jail. State's Attorney Roy C. Martin, who spent months gathering the evidence on which based this case, said:

"This ends the terror of the machine gun in Southern Illinois and restores the supremacy of the law." "We decided in the first hour that all three men were guilty," one juror said. "After that it was a question of punishment."

None of the jurors could say just why they made a distinction in punishment between Birger and Newman. One said perhaps it was because Birger was the gang leader, and Newman only a henchman, but he wouldn't be certain either.

Attorneys for all three defendants at once made the usual motion for a new trial and Judge Miller set it for hearing next Wednesday. Attorneys Smith, Charles A. Karch, Scerial Thompson and Forest Goodfellow for Birger, announced that Birger will not be hanged until the United States Supreme Court has passed on his case.

"When at the beginning of this trial we challenged the jury panel because no women had been placed upon it, we injected a federal question into the case," Attorney Karch said. "On that question we will go to the highest court in the land. It is our contention that the Nineteenth Amendment automatically abrogated all state statutes on jury services."

"I am surprised," the lawyer continued, "that the jury should have shown distinction as between Birger and Newman. But we are not defeated. Every legal move that may be made for Birger will be made."

Birger, as always the fatalist, seemed utterly undismayed by the verdict. "I have been characterized as a pretty bad actor," he said. "I guess I have been some, but not quite so bad as they have made me out to be, nor guilty of all they have charged me with. I want no sympathy from a living soul."

In the crowded courtroom as the verdicts were read no one noticed a stoutish, black haired woman of about 45 standing to one side near the door. It was not until Birger and Ray Hyland were being led out, handcuffed together, that they knew she was there.

As Hyland passed she suddenly sobbed aloud and threw her arms around his neck.

"My boy, oh my poor, poor boy!" she wailed and as they dragged her away, "I'm his mother—mother, gentlemen."

A kindly deputy stepped back beside her and she spoke incoherently to him.

"I'm Mrs. Esther Hyland," she said, "his mother. My God, why did my boy get into this terrible thing. He never was a bad boy, sir. Honestly. Never in any serious trouble before—and now to think of this—"

Later she said she lives in Detroit and that friends from East St. Louis

had driven her to Benton this morning.

As Birger and her son disappeared inside the jail Hyland's mother sat down on the running board of a car parked there. She seemed dazed and utterly miserable. Soon Sheriff Pritchard's wife came and led her up on the porch of the sheriff's house and gave her some water to drink. A half hour afterward they let her go inside and talk with her son.

INJURED HIGHWAYMAN IS SLOWLY IMPROVING

George Faris, who was injured while at work with a State Highway survey party, on No. 61, seven miles south of Sikeston, last Thursday, is slowly recovering. Word was received Sunday, from the hospital in Cairo, where he was taken after the accident, that the rumor pertaining to internal injuries, was false. Faris coughed a little blood last Friday and it was the opinion of the specialist that his left lung had been injured, but after a thorough examination, it was found that besides the broken leg, the torn place on his scalp and the gash cut in his arm, there was only a little sickness caused by the shock and bruises.

Faris, with other members of the party, was doing some survey work and had stretched a tape across the road. Two cars were going toward New Madrid and when the first one stopped, the second was going at such a speed that the space between the two was too small to stop in, so Tucker, the driver of the second car, swerved to the left and skidded into Faris, who was using an instrument, and Weinberg, who was taking notes, knocking them both down, injuring Faris and bruising Weinberg.

Faris was rushed to Sikeston and after his leg was set, he was moved to the hospital at Cairo.

Tucker, with the other occupants of the car, J. F. Belle, Miss Bertha Dunfee and J. M. Saffero, were arrested, and were taken to New Madrid.

Tucker was fined \$10 for reckless driving and the car attached to pay the expenses of Faris if anything might occur.

Faris lives in Charleston and is well known in Sikeston. He was recently connected with the Mississippi County Trust Company at Charleston.

DR. BOMAR TO LOCATE IN POPLAR BLUFF

Dr. A. L. Bomar received word Saturday that he had successfully passed the examinations given by the State Board of Dentistry.

He will immediately move his equipment to Poplar Bluff and as soon as it is installed, he will practice the profession.

Bomar is a graduate of Sikeston High School and the Washington U., St. Louis school of dentistry. His family will move when he becomes located.

The Standard commends this young couple to the good people of Poplar Bluff, and wish them success in their new home.

OLD BLACKSMITH SHOP DISMANTLED

The A. C. Johnson Blacksmith Shop is being torn down this week. The building is one of the oldest in Sikeston and has been a smithshop since 1907.

The frame will be straightened and after being covered with sheet metal, the State Highway will use it for a maintenance room.

DEEDS RECORDED

B. F. Markle to Mary L. Markle: SE qr of the SW qr and the SW qr of the SE qr 10-22-11. \$100, love and affection.

Ab Taylor and wife to J. F. Hill: Lots 8 and 9 block 29 Cooper's Addition to City of Parma, \$400.

R. Lee Williams and wife to Meyer Albert Grocery Co.: Lot 8 block 4, Pt. Pleasant, \$100.

J. H. Holtermann to James Baker: Lots 1 and 2 block 5 Lewis 2nd Addition to Lilbourn. \$100 and other valuable consideration.

Alfred C. Sikes and wife to People's Bank of Sikeston: Sec. 33-23-12. Also 87 acres of the SE qr 28-23-12. \$100.

P. E. Arbuckle and wife to James D. Koehel and Vera R. Koehel, his wife: Lot 1 block 8 Canalou. \$700.—New Madrid Record.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bean drove to Essex, Sunday.

Mrs. A. C. Barrett and Miss Kate Austin drove to Cape Girardeau, Monday.

George Steck of Cape Girardeau is down here this week, decorating the window of Buckner-Ragsdale Store Company for their sale of Society Brand suits.

There is no practical advantage in adding water to the grain ration, because of the large amount of saliva and other digestive fluids secreted by a dairy cow.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL FROM MATTHEWS

Mrs. Bertha Pickett, Miss Hazel Fawell and Elridge Binford motored to Portageville, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Atkins and little son of Belle City were Matthews visitors, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Steele and little daughter, Mary, of New Madrid visited with relatives here, Sunday.

Misses Nota Watkins, Blanche Revelle and Richard Cox motored to Hayti and Caruthersville, Sunday.

Mrs. Roy Alsop and Miss Lillith Deane were Sikeston visitors, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Vaughn and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur of Chaffee visited at the home of Mrs. Bettie Vaughn, Sunday.

Mrs. L. F. Swartz entertained a number of youngsters Friday evening with a party complimentary to her little son, Benny's 9th birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Billie Gmeinhardt and babe motored to Jackson, Sunday, to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke French of Chaffee are here visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lumsden and children were Sikeston visitors, Sunday.

A number of our citizens motored to Sikeston Thursday evening to listen in over the radio and see how the fight between Sharky and Dempsey came out.

Misses Aletha Hill and Wilburn Jenkins are visiting with Miss Hill's sister, Mrs. Russell Stone, in Sikeston, this week.

A revival meeting will start Sunday evening, July 31, at the Methodist church.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Mize motored to Sikeston Sunday to take the latter's mother and sister to the doctor.

We are sorry to have report that Welton Beavers is still very ill at this writing.

Mrs. Malcolm Ratcliff shopped in Sikeston, Saturday.

"Nig" Rogers and Will Briggs left Wednesday for Detroit, Mich., where they will seek employment.

A very interesting game of baseball was played on Matthews diamond Sunday afternoon between Matthews and Canalou. A large crowd was in attendance. The score was 9-12 in favor of Canalou.

Will Watkins and Homer Greenlee of Sikeston were Matthews visitors, Sunday.

Miss Ella Vaughn returned Sunday from Chaffee, where she has been visiting with her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Vaughn.

Mr. and Mrs. Zimmer visited with relatives in Charleston, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hill and children spent Sunday in Morehouse, the guest of Mrs. Hill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ball.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM MOREHOUSE

Mrs. O. M. Headlee and children spent the day in Cape Girardeau Sunday, visiting her sister, Mrs. Arthur Williams of St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Teal and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bryce Edwards.

Mrs. E. E. Rogers and daughter of Caruthersville are here visiting her mother, Mrs. J. G. Moccabee.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Mathis were shopping in Cairo, Saturday.

Mrs. M. A. Massey, who has been ill for the past week, is able to sit up now.

Mr. and Mrs. Brice Edwards have returned from a three weeks' vacation in Northwest Missouri.

Mrs. Judson Reynolds returned this week from Flint, Mich., where she has been for the past five weeks. Mr. Reynolds will remain for another two weeks.

D. L. Fisher returned Sunday from a vacation spent in Indiana.

The Morehouse Oil Company has been organized and has secured leases on considerable land. It is their intention to use the leases to induce oil companies to drill test wells in this territory.

P. H. Teal produced 66.34 tons of timothy hay on 29 acres on his McMullin farm near Gray Ridge, an average of 2.28 tons per acre. It sold for \$20 per ton yielding a rent of \$22.87 per acre. It seems to be the banner crop for wet lands and wet seasons.

Hunter Albritton is in St. Louis this week looking over a position he has been assigned.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodge Decker and son, Hodge, Jr., are spending a few days in Paducah, Ky., visiting relatives.

Among the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Taylor this week are Miss Katherine Scarry of St. Louis and Miss Mae Dixon of Paducah, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin McCoy, Miss Mildred Stubblefield and Ernest Harper spent Sunday on Reelfoot Lake. Ruskin caught a nine-pound bass.

Local and Personal

Miss Doris Gilbert was the dinner guest of Miss Evelyn Sutton, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Young and children drove to Poplar Bluff, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Heath attended the ball game in Poplar Bluff, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Heisler were Poplar Bluff visitors, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Eula Hahn and Mrs. J. C. Ellis of Tanner shopped in Sikeston, Saturday.

Elmos Taylor and Brown Jewell attended the baseball game in Poplar Bluff, Sunday.

C. C. Rose and son Emery, and Ed Fuchs spent Sunday on a picnic at Brewers' Lake.

Mrs. A. S. B. Smith of Dexter is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. Otto Habs and family.

Miss Marjorie Smith, who has been visiting with her parents in Gideon, has returned to Sikeston.

Spencer Black, who was recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, returned home, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Crowe and son Hardin, of Dexter spent Sunday in Sikeston with Mrs. Laura Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hirschberg and little daughter of Cape Girardeau were visitors to Sikeston, last week.

Harry Ellis of Cairo was called to this city on account of the death of his grandfather, Rev. T. B. Boardman.

Misses Letha Scott, Freda Greer and Mrs. Jewel Gentles attended the baseball game in Poplar Bluff, Sunday.

Mrs. Emil Miller of Cape Girardeau, Mrs. R. A. Moll and Miss Hyacinth Sheppard spent Saturday in Cairo.

The editor and wife were treated to a drive over the corduroy turnpike Sunday evening between Sikeston and Dexter.

Misses Hyacinth Sheppard, Evelyn Sutton and Doris Gilbert attended the ball game in Poplar Bluff Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Edwin Eggers left Sunday morning for her home in St. Louis, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Elkins.

Mrs. Homer Burris, Mrs. Robert Mow and daughter and Mrs. Harry Dudley and daughter were in Poplar Bluff Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. R. A. Moll and children of Cairo and Mrs. J. N. Sheppard spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Lilbourn Stepp near New Madrid.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. Sutton, Linn Sutton and Leonard Watson spent Sunday afternoon in Poplar Bluff with relatives and friends.

Mrs. A. L. Sanders and daughter, Elizabeth, of Blytheville, Ark., and Mrs. J. R. Bowman of Jackson are visiting Mrs. Nellie Estes this week.

Misses Margaret and Katherine Hanner left Saturday night for Chicago. Miss Margaret will spend three weeks there. Miss Katherine will remain.

Bill Walker, Fred Young, Ernest Inman, Ralph Williams, Lanier Carter, Carroll Sutton, Misses Fern Mainord and Dorothy Armour were among those to take advantage of the excursion to St. Louis, Sunday.

Miss Florence Kelly, who spent the week-end with Mrs. L. E. Boardman and other friends, returned to her home at Carthage, last Sunday. Miss Kelly will teach in the Carthage schools the coming term, beginning September 5.

Mrs. Emil Miller and children returned to their home in Cape Girardeau, Sunday afternoon, after a few days visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Sheppard and family. Mr. Miller came down Sunday morning with his parents, to accompany Mrs. Miller home.

Mrs. Olga House, who spent a few hours in this city last Saturday, called on her aged grandfather, Rev. T. N. Boardman, who was very ill at the home of her uncle, Lewis Boardman, on her return trip from Cairo to her home in Shaw, Miss. Mrs. House will be remembered as Miss Olga Ellis of Cairo.

The Standard enjoyed a pleasant visit Friday afternoon from Col. Whitelaw of Cape Girardeau. He came in to call on David Blanton, whom he and Mrs. Whitelaw met on a train traveling from Los Angeles to San Diego, Calif. Mr. Whitelaw was raised in Essex County, Virginia, but has been a full fledged Missourian for many years.

Miss Theobelle Boardman, of Springfield, Mo., having been called here on account of the death of her grandfather, Thos. N. Boardman, spent the week-end at the home of her uncle, Lewis Boardman, has returned home to complete her studies in the business course, after which she will teach in the Kansas City school for the coming term, beginning September 6.

GIRLS LEAD THEM ASTRAY A JUDGE SAYS

The world has always taken for granted that it was the social role of the male to take the initiative in all matters that even remotely pertained to sex, whether his motive was good or bad; whether his purpose was courtship and marriage or something entirely different. There was good reason for this. The male has always enjoyed a special license. It was the woman who paid the score for sex transgression. Indeed, society rather expected of the youth that he sow a few wild oats to demonstrate his masculinity.

Nevertheless, with all their privileges, the vast majority of boys failed to go straightway to the devil. This was not a proof of their moral superiority. In fact, all the credit belong to the girls of the time. Accepting implicitly the code of man's special privilege, she was sleeplessly on the defensive. And in protecting herself from the boy she protected the boy from himself.

Perhaps the girl of yesterday did go to extremes in prudery. There wasn't much sense in calling legs "limbs", in dying of shame if an ankle was exposed accidentally, in being horrified by an allusion to maternity as something definitely shameful. But at least such evasions weren't potentially as dangerous as the prevailing lack of reticence between boys and girls. It isn't in the program of the girl of today to play the shrinking violet and wait for the boys to seek her out, as she did not long ago when "forwardness" was the cardinal sin for young womanhood.

Think of the sex matters the modern flapper discusses openly. Think of the way she reveals her body, not only on the beaches but in the homes, on the streets, anywhere and everywhere. Think of the vogue of petting in secluded places. And, finally, think of the candor with which she drinks liquor—the letdown of her final barrier, the lash to a boy's sex instincts and the liquid backbone to lend him courage. The typically modern girl will not admit that transgression spells damnation for a wayward sister. The trouble is that in the minds of countless harebrained girls that viewpoint is carried too far. She begins to believe that social sin is actually inconsequential—dangerous only because of the physical penalty Nature may exact. And when a girl sees no great harm in an act unless it is found out she is already nine-tenths won over.

It used to be that the "fast" girl was branded by her actions and her appearance, but today it would defy Solomon to choose by outward indications between the good girl and the girl of easy morals. It was an unusual boy who a few years ago would attempt any familiarity with a girl in half way decent society, especially if he liked her. He knew that a girl need not be a prude to construe as a deadly insult any action that seemed to imply doubt of her virtue.

There were boys who drank in the old days, of course, but very few started until they were well out of their teens. Let a boy appear at a dance with but the hint of booze in his appearance or conduct and if he got more than one partner it was because the girls' couldn't pass the word around quickly enough to forestall him. You can't blame the widespread drinking among the young of today upon the boy. I heard a certain educator sum up the situation pungently.

"Whereas boys used to be ostracized socially if they drank", he said, "nowadays they're ostracized if they don't."

Its blind parent who doesn't sense in the situation a grave danger to his son. There is danger for the girl, too, but less impending, because the parent of today still guards his women folk in a measure, while few seem to watch their sons.

An acquaintance of mine said he couldn't see the justice of holding the girl of today responsible for the general laxity that prevails among young people.

"The boys are equal partners in all they do", he said. "Therefore, there should be an equal division of blame".

The boys are not equal partners in the beginning. Without what he interprets as encouragement from a girl no normal boy will attempt to cross the boundaries of respect. The boy mind where he links chastity with modesty. Pay close attention to a has not yet grown beyond the state of group of boys and girls of the sort I have in mind. Listen to the subjects they discuss and their frank observations on the various phenomena of sex. Nine times out of ten the girl takes the lead.

Many persons contend that this sort of frankness makes for safety. Nothing I have observed makes me believe that to be so. Familiarity, I have noticed, when basic instincts are involved, instead of breeding a salutary contempt for evil, is more apt to bring about a gradual tolerance. Ideas

that shock and repel the unsophisticated mind at first with repetition come to seem usual, the acts they describe to be natural and excusable.

The very fact that the average boy of today does not consciously lack respect for the immodest girl is one of the bad signs. His seeming failure to think less of her, even when she goes beyond the bounds, proves that he holds a cheapened idea of the whole sex. Ceasing to exact virtue seems to me to indicate that he believes virtue to be unusual and not at all essential.

That is the big price of the modern boy's sophistication. And he is going to pay more for it, measure by measure, than he ever paid with all the ills, mental and physical, he suffered by his sex straying in the past.—Judge Charles A. Oberwager.

GARDNER MAY BE CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

St. Louis, July 23.—Frederick D. Gardner, Missouri's war-time governor, positively is "not a candidate for any office at this time", but might consent to run for governor again if drafted, he said in a statement before sailing for Europe this week.

"I could only consent to become a candidate for governor of this state if I were sufficiently urged that it might be construed as being drafted by almost unanimous party", he said. "If the demand is sufficient, I guess I could afford to serve the people at Jefferson City again for a term of four years."

"I am leaving for Europe immediately and expects in my travels to study the conditions there bearing on the farm conditions especially in this country and see what can be done in a practical way to solve the much discussed and real problem confronting the farmers, especially in the West."

"The farmers have been my friends and I wish I could do something more for them than what I have done in the past. Of course, I know the farmers are not the only class that need help and encouragement at this time. The countless thousands of people in the cities and small towns are also having a terrific fight to sustain life, due to the high cost of living and high taxes. These two classes, the farmers and the hard-pressed city and small town citizens and laborers, should have some relief if possible. The other classes are able to take care of themselves."

"I certainly am going to see if there isn't some practical way of solving the farm questions and expect to have something to say either while I am in Europe or when I return."

"Of course, I appreciate the appeals and pleasant comments some of the newspapers are making on the advisability of my entering the gubernatorial race in Missouri in the coming campaign."

Mrs. W. O. Stubblefield and son, Billie, of Oswatone, Kas., are visiting Mrs. J. Fred Bowman and Mrs. John Simlar, at the home of the latter.

LOCAL YOUTH FORGES CHECKS ON MERCHANTS

Floyd Kirkpatrick, alias Fred Darby, alias George Harris, alias George Goodman, forged several checks Saturday night, on W. I. Jones and cashed them in some of Sikeston's leading mercantile houses.

Kirkpatrick, a neat appearing boy of about 21 years, made all the checks out alike, only endorsing them differently. He told the same story to most of the merchants that he had been working for the Kroger Grocery and Baking Company, driving a truck from Dexter to Portageville and returning, and that due to his ill health, he had been given a week in which to recuperate in St. Louis. His checks were all for about \$15 apiece and totaled around \$130.

Kirkpatrick, whose family resides in Sikeston, is believed to have made a trip to St. Louis with a girl named Katie.

SOUTHSIDE BATTERY STATION OPENS ON MALONE AVE.

The new Southside Battery Station, under the management of God Dill and Bill Warren, located with the Jack Shupert Plumbing Company, in the New Matthews Building on Malone Avenue, will open for business, Tuesday.

The new concern will handle all kinds of radio parts, battery parts, electrical fixtures and electrical ornamental pieces.

Dill will stay in the shop and look after the business end and Warren will do the house wiring and battery recharging and work. Warren finished a course in electrical engineering and has had had considerable experience in the battery work.

Miss Ernie Taylor of St. Louis is visiting Mrs. Alvin Taylor, this week.

Mrs. C. M. Taylor of Illinois arrived Monday for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Nellie Estes.

Mrs. E. Cottle and Mrs. D. H. Patmore of Cape Girardeau are visiting Mrs. John Simlar, this week.

J. W. Wilkins and grandson, Pete Rogers, of Oran, left Sunday for a week's visit in Shawneetown, Ill.

Mrs. Anna Waldendoff of Kalamazoo, Michigan, returned to her home Friday, after a visit here with relatives.

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FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. \$4.00 per week. Apply to Mrs. Flora Shain, 625 Prosperity. 2t

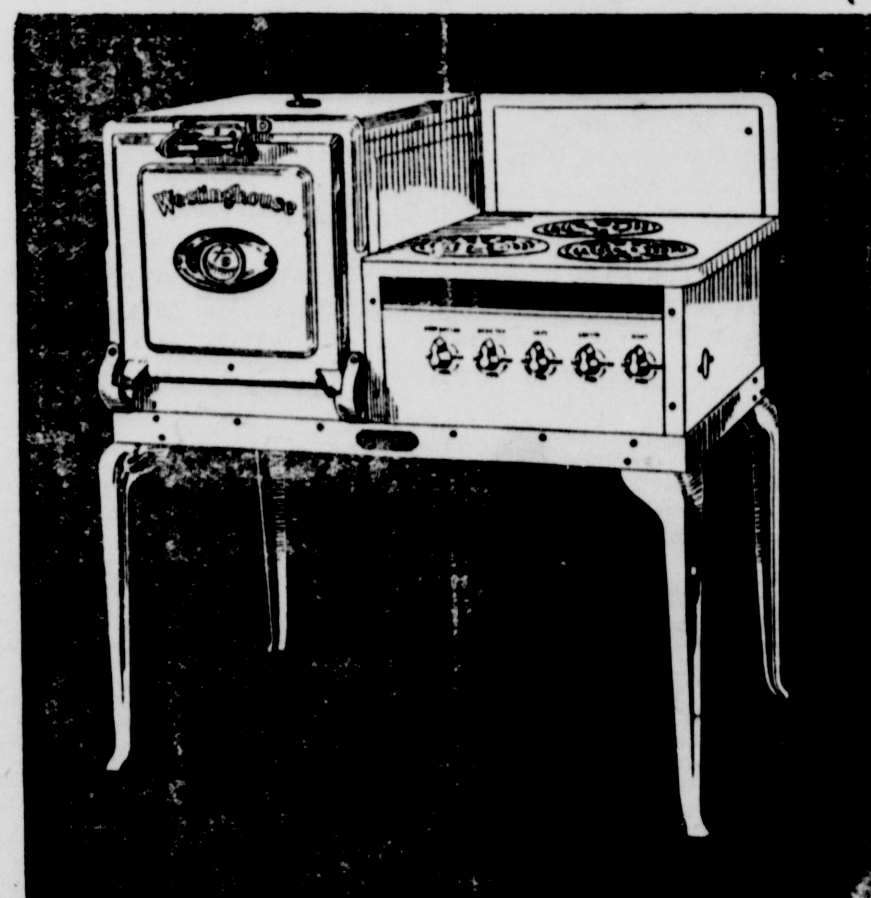
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Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

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CHAPTER XI

She was waiting in the clearing when Shot loped up, sniffed, looked at her curiously, then pawed her joyfully with fore feet.

"Shot, you know me?" And she rubbed the ears of the wriggling alre-dale.

"He has a good memory for his friends," said Garth, as the dog leaped in the snow around the pleased girl. "I think it quite wonderful, though, that he should remember me. He knew me but five days."

Garth's mouth curled. "His master knew you no longer." And the factor of Elkwan revealed in the slow color that touched her temples—the swift flickering of heavy-lashed lids.

"His master had reason to remember the guests who insulted him in his own house."

"One of his guests," countered Guthrie, "was an angel of mercy. We seldom forget the visitation of angels, do we?"

"And the other—an ungrateful scandal-monger."

"I told you last night he was a blessing in disguise."

She looked squarely in his eyes as she said: "But I did not believe you, Mr. Exile."

With a gesture of helplessness, he insisted, "But how am I to prove it to an unbeliever?"

Her eyes clouded. "Let's walk along the shore," she parried, and led the way, Shot circling her, begging for a frolic.

"You're trying again for the spring trade from the island?" she asked. "Oh, with Souel there, and the echo of his spirit voices in their ears, we shall hold the hunters who crossed the strait."

"Then Elkwan will have a wonderful year?"

"Yes, the best in its history."

"Because of its new factor."

"Because of Etienne Savanne and Saul Souel."

"No," vehemently, "because you went inland and found Souel, and had the nerve to cross the channel through the ice in a York boat, then took a long chance over the new ice to reach

the island in time; Mr. Cameron knows."

He glanced sharply at the clean profile, crowned by a plume of wind-tossed hair. "You're a doughty champion."

"No, I'm only a fair critic."

"May I never have a fairer—nor one more 'unfair.'"

"Unfair? What do you mean, Mr. Exile?"

She had given him his opening. "I mean, Joan Quarrier, that you have shut your heart to the truth," he plunged in impetuously. "I mean that you are coupling me with ghosts—dead memories; that you will not see—understand—"

In his eagerness to clarify her vision of him—erase the memory of Ethel with whom, in spite of his denials, he still seemed hopelessly involved, Garth floundered—came to a halt through sheer excess of emotion.

"Can't we continue the good friends we are, Mr. Exile? We need friendship—understanding, up here on this lonely coast. Can't we—like two good comrades—hold to what we have?"

Dazed, helpless in the face of her obsession—her evident conviction that her brother had been the cause of his ultimate break with Ethel Falconer, Guthrie walked on in silence.

"Can't we hold to our friendship," she repeated, facing him, and slipping off her mitten, extended her hand.

He took it. At the raw pain in his eyes Joan Quarrier's lips opened in an involuntary catch of the breath. Her eyes widened in a look of wonder, as if startled by what she saw.

"You know you always will have my friendship," he said thickly. "I'm coming down the coast in February—to see my friend, May 1?"

"Your friend will be very glad to see you."

At the door of the mission, she met his reluctant good-bye with a smile so personal—so like a caress that the hand he gave her shook like a leaf in the wind.

"My friend," he repeated under his breath as he followed Shot back to Etienne and the waiting dog team, "my friend—my world."

Hour by hour, over the coast ice, the light sled reeled off the miles. So good was the going, so keen the five great huskies for the trail, that the men left their robes only to stretch their legs. The forty miles to the Big Willow river slid past by early afternoon, and the hungry men turned in to the river mouth to build a fire from driftwood and boil their kettle.

Twenty miles directly across the strait, the gray Akimiski hills parted to form Seal cove.

"I'd give a good deal to know how they took the news over there of the loss of the northern fur, Etienne," said Guthrie, busy with his plate of beans and bacon. "Hello! There's a team coming in over the ice. Wonder who it is."

For a time Etienne studied the black object through the binoculars, but when the kettle and fry-pan had been stowed and the sled cover relashed, two rifles in their skin cases rode by the sides of the passengers.

A mile from the noon camp at the river the sled, evidently headed for the mouth of the Kapiskau, drew in-shore.

"A hunter from de Kapiskau. We weel now hear how de swear on de schooner dis Christmas."

The dog team slowed to a walk and shortly were within speaking distance. "Kequay!" called Savanne. "Were you go?"

Leaving his panting dogs, who straightway lay down on the ice, the stranger hurried to the sled from Elkwan. As he approached, it was evident to the two men that the Cree was laboring under strong excitement. His sled was heavily loaded and his hand breathing indicated that he had run much crossing the strait. Staggering up, he gasped: "De boat—oavir dere! All gone! McDonald! Ha! Ha! dead—all dead!"

"What?" cried Garth, "the schooner's crew—dead?"

"You come from dere—you see dem?" demanded the astute Etienne. A sinewy hand shot out, and gripping the Cree's shoulder, shook him violently.

"You see dem? How many?" repeated the half-breed, searching the Indian's face in an attempt to probe the truth of his statement.

"I see one dead man. No answer when I yell," insisted the other, and seemingly at the memory of the ship of the dead, his small eyes filled with dread.

"What happened? Was this man shot?" demanded Garth, exchanging glances with Savanne.

"He die of sickness—I look an' run. It was ver' bad down dere een dat boat," said the Indian with a shudder.

"Were the dogs there?"

"I see no dog."

"Where you from?" snarled Savanne, thrusting a face fierce with suspicion, into the Cree's.

"From de Kapiskau. I go to de boat to trade some fox."

"You get dat flour from de boat—steal it!" hazarded Etienne, guessing at the nature of the bulky load on the Indian's sled.

The Cree nodded. "Dey not use it now."

The swart face of the head man at Elkwan hardened into creased leather as he turned to Garth, and whispered: "I don lak dis t'ing. He see one man. Mebbe de orders am bush us. What we do?"

"I'm going over to find out. It's my duty. Boucher will wait for days. They may not all be dead. I'm going."

"Suppose eet ees a trick? Suppose de ones not dead wait for der revenge, w'en we come?"

"We'll stalk 'em and see."

Dropping his mittens and deliberately reaching under his capote, Etienne drew his skinning knife. Coolly running a thumb over the edge, he thrust his face into that of the disturbed Indian while his slit-like eyes snapped as he bit off the words: "You lie! McDonald! Ha! Ha! sen' you to Kapiskau. You spik de trut', or I—"

and seizing the Indian by his hood, he made a quick pass at his throat.

Overawed by the fierceness of the strangers, the undersized Cree swayed on his feet, repeating in his seeming terror: "I spik de trut'. You go to de boat—you see!"

"We go to de boat—an' you go wid us," snarled Etienne.

At the words, the Indian's face went gray. "De spirit—I am scare to go back," he protested; but the inexorable Etienne ordered him to turn his dogs and lead the way back.

It was hard on the hunter, if his story was straight, but hearding a waiting McDonald in his hair was not to be lightly hazarded.

"I think the man is honest, Etienne. He naturally hated to go again to the ship. But what could have happened—flu—smallpox?"

Savanne shook his head. Only recently the bay had been swept by influenza, brought in by a whaler, impartially striking down Eskimos, Indians, and dogs, but he was still suspicious of a counterstroke by the schooner people, sore from their defeat, and confidently expected a confession from the dog driver ahead before the dusk caught them. Guthrie,



The Indian Had Seen but One Body.

on the contrary, believed that some epidemic, or possibly scurvy, had stricken the crew, and wondered if the great McDonald, in the pride of his strength, had found a grave in the Akimiski ice.

The Indian had seen but one body and fled, so he said; but the schooner had been silent as a tomb. Queer that all had died, so soon. As he left, he had called repeatedly from the deck, without answer, except once, faintly, he had heard something—like the voice of a spirit.

When the Cree had reluctantly cached his load of flour and they started to cross the twenty miles of ice, he begged them not to force him into that grave of white men. The ship was haunted by demons, an Indian from the north had said. They had brought the sickness—were displeased with McDonald! Ha! Ha!—and would surely bewitch him if he again went to that ship of the dead. But Etienne insisted that the seeming fear of the Cree was only a ruse to lead them into the trap while he hung back and thus avoided a shot in the back for his treachery.

Halfway across, the dusk from Akimiski moved out to meet the travelers, soon to look upon, in the berths of the schooner, death, in all horror of plague-stricken men; or to meet a treachery, as Guthrie believed, too vile for the uses of a fighting man like Laughing McDonald. But the canny half-breed would not be convinced, and the knife, shifted to his capote sash, and the uncased rifle barrel thrusting from his robe, were sinister witnesses to his distrust of the Cree.

The barriers of the island purpled, then fused with the dusk. Stars glittered above the moving teams. At last in the starlight, the black masses of the hills flanking Seal cove loomed ahead. The Indian stopped his dogs.

"Eet ees oavir dere." He pointed to the invisible shore.

Ordering the disarmed Cree to remain with his dogs, Etienne called Garth for a whispered council of war. "De schooner ees not far. We stop an' tie up de husky. Den you an' Shot go one way an' I tak' dees feller wid de gun een hees back an' we circle roun' de boat."

"All right! If either sees or hears anything, two long whistles. Will they hear our dogs if they yelp?"

"No, eet ees too far."

Shot, trained to silence, would be invaluable in a fight, but the huskies' yelping would betray them, so they were lashed to the sleds.

"Eet we don't see nodin', I mak' dis feller holler to de ship. Den we wait. I tell heem he is de first een de boat, wid de gun een hees ribs. He ver' scare—somet'ing bad here," warned Etienne.

"He's afraid of the devils," suggested Garth, uncasing his rifle, and regretting that his army automatic hung neglected in its holster on the rack at

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Elkwan. This stalk of the ship had much of the color of a trench raid—a tight in the dark, if Etienne was right—and he missed the feel of his pistol on his belt, the drag on the shoulder strap of a bag of Mills bombs.

As they separated, Etienne gripped Garth's hand. "I meet you at de boat. Keep behin' de ice w'en I mak' heem holler, eef dey shoot."

The idea of stalking dead men was grotesque, but as Garth and Shot made their way slowly toward the shore, for the stars were dim, the possibility that Etienne's suspicions were not unfounded grew in the mind of Guthrie. Suppose the Indian had seen a dead man. There might have been a fight aboard while the rest were temporarily ashore after fur. True McDonald might be dead, but with the leader gone, Breault, desperate, sick possibly, perhaps insane, might have evolved this scheme to lure some of the Kapiskau people across the ice. For the Indian was bound for Kapiskau when they met him.

That the ruse was McDonald's Guthrie put aside, but strange things had happened before among a ship's company wintering in the ice, and who could guess what had fallen out on The Ghost?

When, in the faint light of the stars he made out the ice-sheathed poles of the schooner, Garth patted his excited dog. "Stand to, Shot!"

The alre-dale stiffened, sniffing the wind, then side by side, man and dog cautiously made their approach. From behind a pressure ridge, a hundred yards from the frozen-in craft drifted with snow to her low rails, Guthrie stopped. There, under the dim stars, silent, sinister, lay the ship. Was it the sepulcher of luckless dead, or—

Two whistles from the direction of the ship started Guthrie swiftly over the ice behind his silent dog. Circling the stern, he found behind a mound Etienne and the shaking Cree.

"What is it?"

"I hear some soun' on dat boat."

"Eet ees de spirit," whispered the Cree.

"We go up an' leesten," said Etienne, prodding the reluctant Indian forward.

Standing with rifles leveled on the plank-sheathed deck-house, they waited. Presently to the straining ears of the men came a moaning as of a creature in agony, to culminate in a crescendo of groans.

The two men peered questioningly into each other's faces. At their side the alre-dale trembled in a frenzy of excitement.

"Make him call to them," muttered Guthrie, with a nod at the panic-stricken Cree.

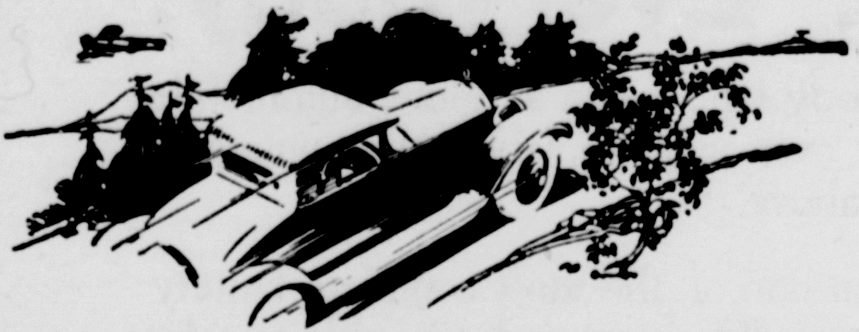
The steel muzzle of Savanne's rifle found the Indian's ribs.

In a voice shattered by terror, the

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- 4—Missouri. At Nevada, Missouri, is a park historically important because of a spring within its boundaries which was used medicinally by the Osage Indians. Many miraculous cures were attributed to the use of the waters from this spring. Now owned by Osage Indian. Highway 64.
- 5—Michigan. Frankfort situated in Benzie County, the county of 50 lakes, noted for its fine fruit. State Highway 22.
- 6—South Dakota. The famous Pine Ridge and Rosebud Indian reservations are south of interior, where the Sioux made their last stand against the white man on Wounded Knee Creek. Here the Indian may be seen in his native haunts. State Highway 40. Interstate Highway 18.
- 7—Minnesota. Hackensack is in the midst of Minnesota's Ten Thousand Lake district on the shores of Torch Lake. There is a taxidermy shop in Hackensack and two fox farms in the vicinity. State Highway 19.
- 8—Illinois. At Rantoul is Chamute Field, location of the U. S. Army Aviation School. State Highway 25.
- 9—Wisconsin. Near Prairie du Chien is Nelson Dewey State Park. Covers more than 16 hundred acres and contains largest group of undepicted Indian Mounds in the United States. Of unusual interest are Black Hawk Natural Monument, Glen Grotto, and Goat Cave, from which may be seen the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers. Short distance off Highway 18.
- 10—Indiana. St. Marys of the Woods at Terre Haute, pioneer educational institution established in the year 1840 when a sister from France made a foundation in Vigo County, about four miles west of the Wabash River at a spot they named St. Marys of the Woods. Interstate Highways 40 and 41.

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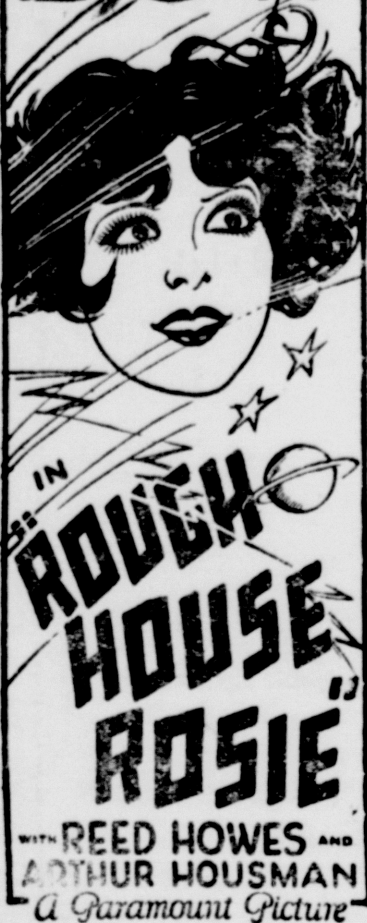
The presence of flies is an indication of uncleanness, insanitary conditions, and improper disposal of substances in which they breed. Flies are not only annoying, but actually dangerous to health, since they may carry disease germs to exposed foods. Means of ridding the house of flies include the use of screens, fly papers, poisons and fly traps. Information on this subject including explanation of methods of eliminating breeding places may be obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

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7:30 NIGHTLY

TUESDAY

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NEWS AND COMEDY
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Story by Nina Wilcox Putnam
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Norma Shearer's most sparkling role! with CARMEL MYERS, DOROTHY SEBASTIN

CARTOON AND COMEDY
Admission 10c and 25c

Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

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(Cont'd. from preceding page)

leisurely between boxes in a corner, a rigid hand gripping a glass, the candle lit the staring eyes and gaping mouth of a dead man.

"Black Broult!" muttered Guthrie. "Died drunk! But that groan! Where are the rest?"

Turning, nauseated from the air and the loathsome spectacle, they found a stateroom. In two berths lay the dead bodies of the bearded mate Guthrie had met on the beach, and a sailor. Then a muttered groan and a curse led them to the adjoining room. Guthrie stood in the low door, holding the candle above his head.

In a bunk a gigantic figure lay in a sleeping bag. Guthrie bent forward, thrusting his arm with the light into the room. The heavy breathing of the bulk in the berth pulsated through the small room.

"McDonald!"

Etienne crowded beside his chief, curious to see the man whose fame had swept James Bay. The face was turned from the door and Guthrie entered the room to stumble over a bottle which rolled away, spilling its contents. Then he held a light over the mutilated face.

As the candle lit the russet hair and unseeing eyes, flaming with fever above the shattered face with its red beard, Garth Guthrie stared motionless. Slowly his jaw dropped. As if in the spell of some strange fascination, the grimacing face in the candle light held Guthrie's unwavering eyes. Bewilderment, profound, shifted slowly to amazement—to recognition.

"Craig Galbraith!" he gasped. Then swiftly turning back the robes, exposed at the base of the corded neck a jagged scar.

"Craig Galbraith!—Laughing McDonald! God!—what irony!"

Turning to the perplexed Etienne, Guthrie rapidly explained as he felt the pulse in a huge wrist.

"Etienne, you and I have work ahead! This is 'flu' or pneumonia. He needs some nourishment—may have starved for days. The bag has saved him—kept him warm with that fever."

"But you nurse heem—dis McDonald! Ha! Ha!" demanded the surprised half-breed.

"Nurse him!" Garth laughed rawly. "Why, this man took me on his back through hell itself—brought me through a barrage with one of his arms broken and a shot in the chest. He was my friend—my pal, understand?—saved my life! We were brothers—in France! Light the galley lamp and heat some broth—soup, quick!"

"Hees name not McDonald?" asked the bewildered Etienne, dazed by the swift reversal of the situation.

"No! I never suspected—never dreamed who McDonald was. He was shot in the face while I was in the hospital. I didn't know how bad it was—never saw him again."

With a quick glance of admiration at the gigantic frame of the man deep in delirium, Etienne went to find the galley and start a fire.

Guthrie found and lit a lamp; then

BAD PAINS IN SIDE

Spells of Nervousness Also Troubled This Lady Who Gives Cardui Credit for Helping Her Get Well.

Depew, Okla.—"For six years," says Mrs. Edd Burton, of this place, "I suffered as bad as a woman can suffer and still keep going."

"I was good for nothing, was lifeless and pale, unable to eat anything. Nothing agreed with me. At times I had such bad pains in my sides and back I would have to go to bed! I had cramping spells and would faint if I stood on my feet any length of time. My nerves would become upset at the least little thing and I would have spells of crying that were so exhausting they left me prostrate."

"Several of my friends suggested that I take Cardui. They told me of their experiences with it, how much they have been helped. At last I decided to try it."

"In a few weeks, I could see that I was improving, so I kept on. I did not expect the troubles of years to disappear in a few days, nor did they, but in time I was much better. I kept up the Cardui treatment for several months and thanks to it I am a well woman now."

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poured some whisky in a glass and propping up the head of the unconscious man, got it down his throat. A rapid inspection of the boat discovered a fourth corpse. The Cree known to be with the schooner, and another man, had evidently deserted the dying. The absence of rash on the bodies and faces did away with the possibility of measles or smallpox. It was doubtless influenza, contracted from an Indian or Eskimo, for a warning had been received at Albany from Moose that influenza was again loose on the bay.

Finding the Cree waiting out on the ice, Garth sent him for the dog teams and leaving the efficient Etienne watching a kettle of canned soup and a coffee pot on an oil stove, returned to Captain Craig Galbraith, alias McDonald. Ha! Ha!

Lighting a pipe to combat the odor of spilled whisky, Garth sat down on a stool to consider his problem.

Once after his return home he had heard from the man who had brought him unconscious through that hall of gas and lead and steel, and whom he had never seen since the day Galbraith left the same hospital to rejoin his command. In his letter from Halifax, Craig had refused an invitation to visit Montreal, pleading business, but, unknown to Garth, the giant at whom the women of France were wont to turn admiring eyes, had come home wearing the grin of a gargoyle. Then, like a rifle shot, struck home the realization that the man wanted in Halifax for killing his wife's lover was the man in the bunk. He pictured the agony of him, once called Handsome Galbraith, bringing that twisted grimace back to the wife he had loved—the blind rage, born of despair and shame, that heated his blood on finding her faithless as a woman, and as a hero's wife, for the broad chest of Craig Galbraith, famous in the Canadian corps for his trench raids, wore the bronze badge of the elect—the Victoria cross.

If he died, it did not matter; but if he lived? If he lived, he was a hunted man. Cameron would send a party to Seal cove on hearing from Guthrie of his discovery. The ship and fur would be held for government action. In the meantime what of the man in delirium?

Etienne entered with soup, which Galbraith mechanically swallowed.

"Is the Cree back with the dogs, or did he leave us?"

"No, he come back. I tote heem I would follow heem an' cut hees throat if he run away," said Sayanne dryly.

"Etienne, we can't stay here. We'll pick up this 'flu' or something worse. The ship is a morgue. And I won't leave the man who wouldn't leave me."

For a space Guthrie puffed furiously at his pipe. Suddenly he slapped his knee. "I've got it! Listen! His heart is strong, and the fever, as near as I can tell, is not as bad as it might be. It's fifty miles to Elkwan. With the Cree's dogs you can make it by daylight. Well wrapped up and bound, so he can't roll out or hurt himself, he'll make it. It isn't cold, and cold air is better than this stinking ship—"

Etienne listened as if he thought Guthrie had suddenly gone mad. "But you? where you go?" he broke in.

Guthrie smiled. "I'm going to take our dogs to Albany."

"To Albany?"

"Yes! It's my duty to report this to Cameron at once."

"De Cree can go."

"No, you'll need his help. I'll pay him well."

"But," Etienne sensed that something lay behind it all, "we tak' dis man to Elkwan an' de police come—den w'at?" Etienne also had guessed.

"At Albany," smiled Guthrie. "I'll tell Cameron that you shot yourself accidentally—bad wound. And I am going to bring Miss Quarrier up the coast tomorrow, to nurse you. She knows all about wounds—and I think she'll come," added Guthrie quietly.

"By gar!" The half-breed stared at his chief in unqualified admiration.

"It's his only chance for life. Here he would die. The place is infested with germs—ought to be burned. You understand? You start as soon as you can. I'm on my way now. I'll be in Elkwan tomorrow night—if she'll come with her medicine kit. And I think she will—for she's a soldier, God bless her!"

After forcing more soup down the throat of the sick man, he was given a stiff drink of whisky, bundled in furs, bound with strips of blanket, and with great difficulty carried to the sled. Fortunately for Guthrie's plan, the delirium had not taken a violent form, for the enormous strength of Galbraith would have baffled them.

With a grip of the hand Guthrie bade his staunch head man good-by, and whilst to Shot, started with his tired team for Albany. Already that day the dogs had done sixty miles and the forty miles before them over the rough sea-ice, even with the light sled, would, if pushed, bring them into Albany, five sore-footed, stiff-legged cripples. So it was not until the sky grayed with the dawn that Guthrie drove up to the tradehouse at Fort Albany, and feeding his tired team, put them in an empty shack where they might sleep through the morning, undisturbed by the hectoring of the post dogs.

Later, walking in on the Camerons at their breakfast, he told of the stalking of the schooner of the dead.

"Well, that's the wildest tale I have heard in forty years on this coast," ejaculated the factor, while his wife and children sat with averted faces.

"Not a soul alive on the ship?"

"Not a soul alive," repeated Garth. "Flu" and probably the whisky they carried didn't help any. The schooner reeked with it. Poor devils, they must

have stayed drunk to ease their misery."

"And the fur, two years' trade, did you see it?"

"No, but Etienne said there was a lot of it on board. Then, somehow, in casing his rifle, he shot himself."

"Shot himself?"

"Yes, in the hip. That's why I'm here." Guthrie took the bit in his teeth as his gray eyes squarely met Cameron's. "I'm going to ask Miss Quarrier to come to Elkwan with her medicine kit. She knows wounds—I'm afraid of blood poisoning."

"But, whyever didn't you put him on the sled and bring him here. She can take care of him better at Albany, and then—"

Guthrie shook his head. "He wouldn't come, Cameron. He thinks he's going to die, and wanted to be with his wife and children."

"Oh, but how can you ask that girl to go to Elkwan? She's needed here. Swan'll raise a devil of a row—has already, over your seeing her."

In the narrowing eyes of Guthrie lurked a glint which Cameron recognized. He had seen it before in the look of men, indomitable, desperate. It startled him, made him wonder—about the affair between Joan Quarrier and the factor of Elkwan.

"Of course, we don't want anything to happen to Etienne," he temporized, "but why you didn't bring him here is beyond me."

"I've already told you why, Cameron." The gray eyes of the speaker were black, as they bored coldly into those of the kindly Scotsman. Ill at ease, Mrs. Cameron went to the kitchen to digest the startling announcement.

"Yes, I know they always want their family around when they're scared. Well, if she'll go, it's her business. It'll raise a rumpus, though, and I hate to have her—hurt."

Guthrie was on his feet, scowling down at the other. "One minute! Let's go slow here! You're my superior, and I had hoped, my friend, but you're on dangerous ground, Cameron. What do you mean by—hurt?"

"There, there, now, my lad! Keep cool," expostulated the older man. "I'm your friend and I'm proud to be. Now you've brought it up, I've got to talk from the shoulder. You don't realize what that skunk of a Quarrier tattled about you—"

"Oh, I know all about that—that sick child who died at Elkwan—Joan was there. Hasn't she told you?"

"Why, of course! But the rest, here, and at Moose—you know them. Swan has made a row because she wasn't sent to the mission, to die."

"What of it?" snapped Guthrie. "He says you kept her there against her will."

"Nonsense! She couldn't walk a hundred yards without stopping to rest. She refused to come down the coast to the mission—just faded away."

"Mrs. Cameron and I understand, Guthrie. Etienne and Joan told us. It's this white-livered missionary who has made the trouble and if Joan goes with you to take care of Etienne, he'll not spare her either—he'll bust with righteous horror—And it'll hurt Joan."

"Will you call your wife?" asked Guthrie, in a tone brittle like the shattering of ice, the muscles of his jaw and temples working under the skin.

"Why, yes!" replied the factor. "Mary! We want to speak to you."

"Mrs. Cameron," said Garth, quietly, "your husband tells me that it will



"Let's Go Slow Here!"

seriously hurt Joan Quarrier's reputation in missionary circles, if she goes to take care of Etienne's wound."

"I'm afraid it will cause a lot of talk here and at Moose," regretfully agreed the factor's wife. "You know what they are."

"No, I don't know what they are—except this, I know that Mr. Swan must have a foul mind. Of course, he has no head—there's no room under his hat for one."

"He'll surely forbid her to go with you, Major Guthrie."

"Suppose she goes anyway?"

"I don't know what to say," Guthrie smiled. "Well, would you feel better about it, if I told you I loved her, and have already tried to ask her to marry me—will ask her every day she's at Elkwan?"

The face of the startled and embarrassed Mary Cameron flushed with delight. "Oh, Major Guthrie! I'm so glad—so glad!"

"H—!! take her up today! I wasn't sure you were serious, my boy, and we think a lot of her," gruffly exclaimed the factor.



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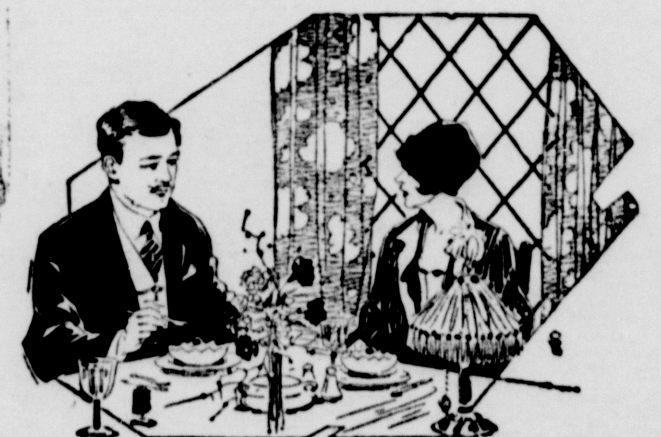
Her eyes misted with tears she could not control, the factor's wife grasped the hand of Guthrie with both of hers. "I don't know—she never told me!" she cried, "but I've thought somehow that she thinks a lot of you. I wish you luck!"

So peace was made at Cameron's.
(Continued in Friday issue)

With two new cotton gins under construction and an order placed for the machinery for a third, Steele, in Pemiscot county is assured seven first class gins for the coming cotton season. The three new gins—two of which will be operated by electric power—are of the very latest type, and will cost approximately \$60,000.

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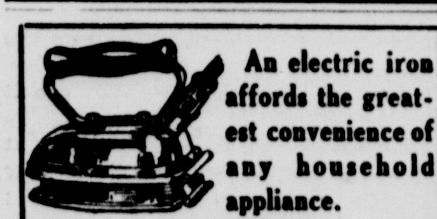
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